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Christian Poems.

BY

F. R. HOLEMAN,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BOONVILLE, MO.

O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts!
Psalm lxxxiv.—*Prayer Book.*

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TO THE

REV. JOHN N. NORTON, D. D.,

RECTOR OF ASCENSION CHURCH, FRANKFORT, KY.,

This humble little Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF REGARD.

" Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor,—
The rest that remaineth endureth forever.

" Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian; Heaven is before thee:
He who hath promised faltereth never;—
Oh trust in the Lord that endureth forever.

" Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever;
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise Him forever."

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PREFACE.

THE Church of Christ, teaching the pure religion which She does, cannot but stir up the hearts of those who "go round about Her" and "mark well Her bulwarks." (Ps. xlviii. 11, 12.) In one form or another, we must celebrate Her praise. It is but the natural result of witnessing Her loveliness. The WORD of God dwelling within Her according to His promise—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"—exhibiting Himself in Her Scriptures, Creeds, Liturgies and the lives of Her children; the "Ministry of the Word," reaching from the beginning to the ending, building up the Kingdom of the Redeemer by the WORD, "the Sword

of the Spirit;" the Holy Sacraments, representing the beginning and the growth of the Life of God within us, and being the means of building us up spiritually in the strength and image of Christ, making us children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven,—are subjects which must stir the souls of thoughtful Christians and make them write or speak, whether they would or not. Though one may have no great confidence in his ability, yet must he do these things almost of necessity.

No matter how imperfect our productions may be in certain respects, it is in this way, in a great measure, that the Word of God and the graces of the Holy Spirit are communicated from heart to heart.

The "Christian Poems," which are here presented to my brethren, are but the natural results of being a Christian Churchman. They are necessarily imperfect, for the seed

has fallen upon very unproductive soil. The critic will find little or nothing to admire, and would not be paid for the trouble of reading. The scholar will find very little to interest him. But there are many Christians of an humbler class, who might be pleased if not benefitted by reading these pages; and it is with this thought that I humbly submit them.

Oshawa, C. W., Nov. 3, 1864.

CHRISTIAN POEMS.

Domus Columbae.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? — 1 *Cor.* iii. 16.

1.

WHERE is the Church of God?
Where, oh where?
Ask in the wealthy town,—
It is there:
Not in the feeble place
Where are poor —
Wealth builds a Church for self,
Seldom more.

2.

Fair, in the lordly street,
Rich with domes,
There look, and you will find
Jesu's homes.
Sweet in the bright green wood,
There, oh there
Look, look and see a house
Built for prayer.

3.

Yet, though poor we be,
Christ will dwell,
E'en in the poorest heart,
Just as well;
And, though no wealth we have —
Shining gold —
Rich is the heart that e'er
Christ will hold.

4.

Fair is the bosom church,
Fair and sweet,
Ay, when we look within
Christ to greet:

Bearing along with thee
Every-where,
There is the Church of God,
There, oh there.

5.

Domus Columbæ, ay,
Let me be,
From whence the Holy Dove
Ne'er shall flee;
Like to a censer swung,
Filled with sweet,
E'er let my heart send up
Praises meet.

6.

Wandering with angels oft
Far away,
Let, let my spirit sing
Sweet as they;
Oh! be this bosom Church
Pure and clean,
Showing by sign without
What's within.

7.

Wearing the cross of Christ
Without shame,
Shining more brightly when
Others blame:
Christ's Church your bosom be,
Ever clean;
Ope wide, whene'er He knocks
Let Him in.

8.

When one shall ask of thee
Where, oh where,
Is found the Church of God,
Tell him—there:
And if you pray to Him
Christ will come,
Making thy bosom too
E'er His home.

Dead in Sin.

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance
Matt. ix. 13.

1.

AS winds in summer softly blow,
A gentle voice, so sweet and low,
Was heard to say,—
Poor wand'rer through this vale of tears,
Why through so many weary years
From God astray?

2.

The answer came, "I'm dead in sin,
My heart is bare and foul within;
Unfit am I
To walk with those who walk with God,
To tread the paths the Saviour trod,
So pure and high."

3.

Still, said the voice so sweet and low,
If life you wish, arise and go,
And never wait:
The life of God begin, begin;
The Christian journeys but from sin
To Heaven's gate.

4.

But yet he said, "An erring child,
My heart is bare, and all defiled;
Unfit am I
To walk with those who walk with God,
To tread the paths the Saviour trod,
So pure and high."

5.

An angel from the fields of heaven
Was passing at the fall of even,
And lingered by:
He heard these words, so meekly said,
And straight away in flight he sped
Into the sky.

6.

Far past the worlds his flight he bore,
Where blessed spirits ever soar
In life and light,
And, folding up his silver wings
Where anthems reach the King of kings,
He ceased his flight.

7.

And as the words he heard were told,
Sweet floods of music rose and rolled
Them gently on,
Till far among the worlds away,
The farthest in the realms of day
Were fully won.

8.

An undulating golden flood,
They reached the dreadful Throne of God
And Christ the Son,
And angels hung on pendent wing
To hear so strange and sad a thing
Beneath the sun.

9.

Then meekly passed, in silent flight,
The Saviour on the wings of light,
In endless love;
And far along the trackless space,
Past worlds He came—His holy face
Like God above.

10.

He came and stood where, just before,
This erring mortal foul and poor
Confessed his sin;
And at this heart, so full of stain,
He gently knocked and knocked again
To enter in.

11.

Then rose the voice he heard before,
Arise, arise, forevermore,
And let Him in,—
Who knocketh now without thy door
Will cleanse thy heart, so foul and poor,
From all its sin.

12.

"Alas! I am so bare and foul
He will not come into my soul,"
The poor one said;
And still the Savior knocked, and knocked,
But entered not,—the door was locked,
As all were dead.

13.

Then from this heart, so foul and poor,
The Saviour passed, forevermore,
Away, away—
There are some hearts so dead in sin,
That He can never enter in
With living ray.

14.

But oh! on earth there's naught so sad,
There is no heart so blindly mad,
So foul within,
Who has so woful bitter lot
As he who owns, but feeleth not
The depth of sin.

Speak Gentle Words.

I pray for them also which shall believe on Me through their word.—*St. John*, xvii. 20.

1.

SPEAK gentle words,
Do kindly things:
Let deeds of love
Have angels' wings;
Be just and good,
Strive all you can
To soothe and bless
Your fellow man.

2.

For lo! his breast
Is finely strung
With cords that have
A strange, deep tongue,

Where every touch
Can wake a strain
That never will
Be hush'd again.

3.

If rough the hand,
The note will wake,
The tender cord
Will sound and break;
And as the wave
Spent on the shore,
The sound is hush'd
Forevermore.

4.

Ay, words and looks
Are living things,
That wake the depth
Of these soft strings;
And, as the sounds
We hear at sea,
They echo in
The time to be.

5.

A gentle word,
  A kindly eye,
A deed of love
  Done tenderly,
A thought expressed,
  Can give to day
What never time
  Can take away—

6.

Can touch the heart
  With such deep power,
They cheer and bless
  Life's darkest hour,
As spirits sent
  On Heaven's wings,
As God Himself
  Did touch the strings.

7.

They fill the life
  With gentle dreams,
And make the world
  Less what it seems;

And hold a calm,
Soft, sweet control
When storms arise
To shake the soul.

8.

Kind words are sweet
And blessed things:
The Saviour moves
Upon their wings;
And holy bands
Of angels go,
As gentle words
Fly to and fro.

9.

Kind words are forms
That spirits take,
When working for
The Saviour's sake;
And Christ doth build
His Kingdom here,
By gentle words,
From year to year.

The Rainy Sunday.

How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.—*Gen.* xxviii. 17.

1.

THE Sunday came,
And the pelting rain
Was pouring down
With its might and main;
And clouds, as sprites
Of a misty wing,
Shook out their floods
As in time of Spring.

2.

And water stood
On the thirsty sod,
And nature seemed
To be praising God:

The flowers too,
With a fresher bloom,
Sent up to Him
A more sweet perfume.

3.

The mists arose
From the thankful wood,
As incense, up
From the earth to God;
And e'en the streets,
In the dusty town,
Most thankful seemed
As the rain came down.

4.

And sweet, the Church
In the distance stood,
And swung its bell
As a call from God;
But, ladies fine,
With their tiny feet,
Would not come out
On the sloppy street.

5.

Their silks and lawns
They had laid away,
To worship God
On a fairer day;
As mortals dead
To a life on high,
The fairer robes
Of the soul, lay by.

6.

And Christian men,
With a pious look,
Would spend the day
With a pleasing book;
And conscience clear,
Which would seem to say
That worship's due
But the fairest day.

7.

But loud the bell,
In the belfry swung,
So clear and sweet,
As an angel tongue

Proclaimed to men,
  Through the misty air,
The time to praise
  And to offer prayer.

8.

The sturdy walls,
  And the pictured pane,
Kept out the sound
  Of the dashing rain;
And though without
  Was a stormy din,
The holy church
  Was all calm within.

9.

And every thing
  That I saw was bright,
For the Lamb of God
  Is the Church's light;
But, few were there
  On that dusky day,
Though some had come
  From afar away.

10.

And yet, the priest
Of the Lord was there,
With clean white heart,
And in vestments fair,
To lead along
In the narrow way,
The same when dark
As when bright the day.

11.

The stilly calm,
In the house of prayer,
With him proclaimed
That the Lord dwelt there;
And pure and clear,
As too high for man,
The service sweet
Of the Church began.

12.

The sins confessed,
And the lowly prayer
Arose aloft
On the stilly air;

And meek and pure
As an angel sang,
The mellow tones
Of the organ rang.

13.

But all unseen,
In the Church the while,
Bright angels stood
In the hallowed aisle;
And, soft as light
From the window, drew
Where, cushioned well,
Was the empty pew.

14.

The time passed on,
And the service o'er,
The people went
From the church's door;
But high and bright,
On their fleecy wings,
The angels went
To the King of kings,

15.

And bore aloft,
On the upper air,
The songs of praise
And the lowly prayer;
And soon were far
In the sky away,
Within the realms
Of eternal day.

16.

And then I saw,
To the Lord are dear
The faithful prayers
Of His servants here;
And that they rise
To the realms of light,
When dark the day
As when 'tis bright.

17.

And oh! I saw,
Within my soul,
That when each pew
In the church is full,

The angels bear
No worship away,
But such as I heard
On the rainy day.

When Christians are United.

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever.—*Rev.* xi. 15.

1.

THE time doth hasten on apace,
And every day is nearer,
When Christian hearts, all bound in love,
Shall each to each be dearer:
The sound of strife shall fade away,
And every heart be plighted,—
It shall be known upon that day
THAT CHRISTIANS ARE UNITED.

2.

The bells shall take the tidings glad,
And each to each deliver,
Till round and round the earth they sound,
And through the sky forever;

The very sun shall brighter be,
The hills and vales delighted,
The foaming seas shall clap their hands
When Christians are united.

3.

The sons of men shall know a joy
Which in the earth was never,
And sweets beyond their highest wish,
Forever, and forever;
The heart shall answer back to heart
In truest friendship plighted,
And sorrow never more be known
When Christians are united.

4.

The folds of Christ, so scattered now,
Shall join, no more to sever;
And tongues that erst were used in strife,
Shall strive no more forever:
All prejudice and angry pride,
Like birds of prey affrighted,
Shall take their everlasting flight
When Christians are united.

5.

Our Zion too, shall lift her head
O'er every distant region,
And far and wide her hands shall spread
In many a peaceful legion;
And loud her choirs, in rapture sweet,
As souls of heaven ignited,
Shall send the grand Te Deum up
WHEN CHRISTIANS ARE UNITED.

6.

The priest, in robes of snowy white,
Shall answer back the choir;
The thrilling notes shall go to God
In words of living fire;
The smiling lands that heretofore
Were heathen, all benighted,
Shall join the endless hymns of praise
WHEN CHRISTIANS ARE UNITED.

7.

The soft and sweet liturgic words
Shall gently rise to heaven;
The Morning Prayer shall ope the day,
And prayer shall close the even;

The Christian Year with holy feast,
  Like gold with rubies lighted,
Shall brighter roll 'neath Paschal moon
  When Christians are united.

8.

The flocks of Christ shall wander forth
  Beside the limpid river;
One Fold there'll be, and Shepherd one,
  Forever and forever;
Then everlasting peace shall reign,
  Nor tender hope be blighted,
And God Himself shall dwell with men
  When Christians are united.

In the Future.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together.—*Isaiah* xi. 6.

1.

WESTWARD, westward by the prairie,
Where the sun goes down to sleep,
Where the blessed Son of Mary
Has a few but scattered sheep.

2.

By the swiftly flowing waters,
O my soul, how sweet the thing!
All Missouri's lovely daughters
Sang the chants I love to sing;

3.

Sang them loud and sang them sweetly,
O'er the hill and o'er the dell,
Till my soul was lost completely
In the high tumultuous swell.

4.

Holy churches, rich and glowing,
Rose in every city fair;
Golden crosses rising, showing
Where to find the house of prayer.

5.

All the cruel, vain dissensions
Died upon the air away;
And the Church, in broad dimensions,
Towered in a flood of day.

6.

All her children fondly loved her
For her graces fair and sweet,
And the Lord above, that proved her,
Saw His children at her feet;

7.

Heard her teach, in gentle wooings,
In the holy ways He trod,
Of His life, and of His doings,
Leading all through Him to God;

8.

Heard her at the Christmas season
Telling of His lowly birth,
Of the reason, blessed reason,
That the Church is green on earth.

9.

Of the star that led the wise men
O'er the hill, the rock and glen,—
Leading, by a light in heaven,
To the Light sprung up to men;

10.

Showing to the world forever,
How that Christ was God indeed,
How the daily sins of many
Caused the Holy One to bleed:

11.

Telling of His death and passion,
In the solemn Lenten tide,
Filling all the year till Easter,
With the Saviour crucified.

12.

Priestly garments white and flowing,
Whispered of the angel's dress;
How the priest, with fervor glowing,
Must be clothed with righteousness.

13.

Gentle zephyrs, softly flying,
Bore upon their scented wing
Holy songs, the songs undying,
Which the distant Churches sing.

14.

Oh! how sweetly rose at morning
Holy Church's daily prayer,
As arise the clouds at dawning,
Meekly on the quiet air.

15.

Gentler than the breath of heaven,
Daily rose the even chime;
Bride of Jesus, by her worship,
Telling of the flight of time,

16.

Marking days, by holy music
Sweeter than the sounds we hear,
As is marked the time in Heaven
By the angel worshipper.

17.

But, this was a passing vision,
Bursting sweetly on my mind;
Picture of my daily yearnings
For the blessing of mankind.

18.

Call me though no idle dreamer,
For I see an age before—
See Thee, O my blest Redeemer,
In Thy reign forevermore.

19.

Ever will my powers fail me,
Dwelling on this boundless theme;
But believe me, oh believe me,
This is not an empty dream.

20.

There shall be one Fold and Shepherd,
Out of every earthly creed;
And the lion and the leopard
By the stalled ox shall feed.

21.

Then, Missouri, shall thy daughters
Sing in love the chants I sing,
Till thy very hills and waters
Clap their hands to Christ the King.

22.

Sing them loud, and sing them sweetly
O'er the hill, the rock and dell,
Till the land is filled completely
With the high tumultuous swell.

No Church of God.

I will not come within the tabernacle of mine house, nor climb up into my bed; I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber; neither the temples of my head to take any rest; until I find out a place for the temple of the Lord; an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

Ps. cxxxii. 3—5.

1.

NO Church of God!
No place of prayer!
Though many men
And fields so fair!—
The sky is bright,
The wild birds sing,
There is delight
In every thing.

2.

There 's wealth enow,
And plenty wood,
Where forests stand,
To build for God;

And man is strong,
With axe and nail,
To build a house
With chancel-rail.

3.

And people, too,
Are lost in sin,
There's need enow
That we begin:
But where are homes
In fine estate,
The Church of God
Is desolate.

4.

The bending priest
To lead in prayer,
Alas! may kneel
In open air;
The wintry snow
His surplice white,
The frozen mound
The altar bright.

5.

The fire to warm
Within his soul,
The glowing font,
The leaves that roll;
The grapes that fall
Within the wood,
The sacrifice
Of Jesu's blood.

6.

The coldest things,
O God, that be,
Are human hearts
When cold to Thee:
Oh that my tongue
Were fire then,
Enough to warm
The hearts of men.

7.

I'd cry, until
The woods that wave
Were formed into
A holy nave;

For angel hosts
  Weep tears of blood
When men have homes,
  But none for God.

8.

But here, indeed,
  A Church shall be,
With altar, desk
  And baptistery;
And ever, too,
  An earnest throng
Shall pour to God
  The worship-song.

9.

If men for Christ
  Will build it ne'er,
The rocks and wood
  The pile shall rear;
For there shall be
  No earthly sod,
Where blossoms not
  A Church of God.

Loneliness.

Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.—*Matt.* xxii. 9.

1.

THE bright sweet Church, with cross and book,
And altar fair to see,
May cheer full many a Christian heart,
But never cheereth me.

2.

The hallowed nave, with brown old oak,
And spangled roof above,
I never see, nor holy things
My soul hath learned to love.

3.

I never see the steeple-cross,
Nor hear the merry bell,
Nor see the chancel's holy light,
As the smile of Emmanuel.

4.

I ne'er can look on the surpliced priest,
As he kneels in the Church to pray,
Nor hear the deep-toned organ pour
The songs of the olden day.

5.

But far away o'er the western plains,
In a land unblest of God,
I lift the sign of the Saviour's death,
Upon the virgin sod.

6.

But I will not grieve for my lonely lot,
For I know the day will come
When the barren land shall be full of Christ,
And the earth shall be His home.

7.

And lo ! where'er my feet shall tread,
The Church of God shall be,
With chancel-rail and broken bread,
And holy baptistery.

8.

And though I sleep beneath the sod
Till Christ shall come again,
This land shall blossom all to God,
From hill-top unto glen.

9.

Then be the sky my vaulted roof,
With stars and holy scene;
The woods, the pillars mossy-proof,
With the vines and living green.

10.

Where'er I kneel, an altar there,
And a font within the flood;
And well my heart can eat, within,
The Body and the Blood.

11.

And though I never sit me where
My heart is wont to be,
I'll raise my soul above the earth
With loved ones far away.

12.

And when the song of love shall roll
From East unto the West,
My soul shall catch the full sweet sound,
And swell it on to Christ.

13.

And when the rosy morning wakes
The wild birds' sportive lay,
I'll fall upon my knees to God,
And for His Kingdom pray,

14.

That men may come o'er wood and wild,
From the lands along the sea;
Till every heart shall be turned to God,
And the earth shall His Kingdom be:

15.

And temples shall rise o'er hill and glen,
With bells that shall never cease;
And we feel in our hearts that Christ is come
In the endless reign of peace.

Watching.

For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.—1 *Thess.* v. 2.

1.

'TIS fall of eve,
And through the sky,
On golden wings
The day-beams fly;
And distant stars
In might disclose,
The deepness of
The sky's repose.

2.

With beams lit up
By heaven's light,
They deck the brow
Of silent night,

And send those beams
In love to say,
There is a life
Afar away.

3.

The soft clouds float
With golden crest,
As birds, that fly
To seek their nest;
So sweet their flight,
The tutor'd eye
Scarce marks them move
Along the sky.

4.

The homes of men
Are half in night,
While still they float
In beams of light;
And meekly hold
Their silent way
Through galaxy,
And galaxy.

5.

As each one bore
In liquid fire,
From other worlds
An angel choir,
With trailing robes
Of snowy white,
And wondrous hues
Of heaven's light: —

6.

As if again
Were sung by them,
The angel song
Of Bethlehem;
As if the Lord
In love they wait,
And float around
The outer gate.

7.

But O my soul,
When in the sky
I see the sweet
Clouds wander by,

And see the worlds
That shine above,
The happy worlds
Of endlesss love,

8.

Methinks I see
The pure and bright,
The spirits of
Those worlds of light;
Their blissful homes
Away I see,
And every cloud
Is bright to me.

9.

The night succeeds—
The quiet night,
And still I see
Those forms of light;
And ever hear
My Saviour say,—
"Be faithful, true,
And watch and pray."

10.

"In clouds I come,
And clothed with might;
But, as a thief,
I come at night."
Lord Jesus, come,
But let me be
All ready—clean,
And true to Thee.

Veni, Jesu.

And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.—*Matt.* xxv. 6.

1.

JESUS, Saviour, we adore Thee!
Heathen hearts and Jews ignore Thee;
Veni, Jesu, we implore Thee!

2.

Lord, we wait Thee in our weeping,
Wait Thee, Thy great promise keeping,
In the clouds with angels sweeping.

3.

Bright the day, Thou Light of Heaven,
When we meet Thee, sins forgiven,
And our chains forever riven!

4.

We shall ever stand before Thee,
Through all ages to adore Thee—
Come, Lord Jesus, we implore Thee!

5.

In the clouds, come ere the dawning,
Ere the rosy light of morning,
Lo, we watch by thy sweet warning.

6.

Time, Lord Jesu, time is passing,
And our sorrows are amassing,
Thy delay our fears surpassing.

7.

We are bitter vigils keeping,
Though the foolish may be sleeping,
We are watching, yea, and weeping.

8.

Long we wait, and Thou dost tarry,
And no cloud is seen to bear Thee,
Holy Son of blessed Mary.

9.

Yea, our lamps are trimmed and burning,
And our hearts are yearning, yearning,
Jesu, for Thy quick returning!

10.

Why so long, O Bridegroom, tarry,
When the Bride is decked to marry?
Can the Lord of love miscarry!

11.

This is midnight, this Thy warning,
For no thief comes at the dawning,
Nor the Bridegroom in the morning.

12.

This is midnight, night of terror—
Lo! Thy children walk in error:
Wisdom cries, nor will they hear her.

13.

Night of sorrow, night appalling,
As the very stars were falling,
And we heard the trumpets calling.

14.

Nation warreth now with nation,
Tyrants hear no supplication,
Blood is spilt as a libation,—

15.

Grasping for what is another's,
Children, born of kindred mothers,
Rise in arms to stay their brothers:—

16.

Death his wings in anger spreadeth,
Where the cruel warrior treadeth;
Every bosom quaketh, dreadeth.

17.

Heaven's powers now are shaken,
Terrors upon terrors waken,
Man in every snare is taken.

18.

Threefold are Thy woeful scourges,
On the dreadful battle urges,
To and fro destruction surges.

19.

Antichrist in power reigneth,
Fills the Church, polluteth, staineth,
Scarcely now a saint remaineth.

20.

White-robed priests go from the altar—
Many in the struggle falter,
Bowing to a golden halter.

21.

There are those their Lord denying,
Him who bought them by His dying,
Human doctrines wildly trying.

22.

As if by a blast of thunder,
Zion, too, is rent asunder
East and West—sad thing of wonder!

23.

Half the virgins, Lord, are sleeping,
Half in bitter grief are weeping,
Keeping fasts, and vigils keeping.

24.

Dark the night—oh! night of horror,
Night of anguish, night of sorrow!
Come, Lord Jesu, ere the morrow.

25.

Come, O Lord, Thy Church defending,
Let these terrors have an ending,
Jesu Saviour!—have an ending.

26.

Take Thy Bride where none can rend Her,
Take Her to Thy halls of splendor,
In Thy bosom, Lord, defend Her.

The Inner Life.

I.

PREACHING.

It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.—1 *Cor.* i. 21.

1.

'TWAS service-time,
And the House of prayer
That blessed morn,
Was as wondrous fair
As 'twere a gem,
Or a ruby lit,
For the Lord Himself
Was the Light of it.

2.

The holy cross
On the belfry stood,
And I knew this Church
Was the home of God:

A little child
Would have felt no loss
To know the Church,
By the sign of the cross.

3.

But peal on peal,
As the sweet bell swung,
Had the call to prayer
Through the village rung;
And the loved of God,
From the world of sin,
To His house had come
And were gathered in.

4.

And full and deep,
As the songs of love
The angels sing
In the sky above,
The service arose,
As it bore away
The hearts of all
Who were there that day.

5.

Lo, the priest of God
In his snowy trail,
Like an angel stood
By the chancel-rail,
As the words of song,
And the prayer so sweet,
Were poured in love
At the Saviour's feet.

6.

Yea, the heart went up
In humble prayer,
And the sins confessed
Of the lowly there;
The Gloria,
And the Litany,
In faith went up
From the Church that day.

7.

But richer far,
Than are gems of gold,
Were the gentle things
Which the preacher told:

He spoke of love,
That the Saviour taught,
And a life above,
That his dying wrought.

8.

He pointed up,
As he told the way
To the blissful realms
Of eternal day:
He said that man,
From a death in sin,
To the life of God
May be born again.

9.

Like a voice Divine,
To the ears of all,
Did the service clear
And the message fall;
And every heart
Must have felt within,
How sweet indeed
Is a death to sin.

II.

CONCEPTION.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit.—*St. John* iii. 8.

1.

But oh! there was
In the Church that day,
A sight which none
But the lowly see;
And sounds of love,
So soft and clear,
Which none but the pure
In heart can hear.

2.

For the Word of God
From a world of bliss,
Has made His home
For a while in this;

And all the year,
In the House of prayer
Is His glory seen,
And pictured fair.

3.

The Saviour speaks
In the colored pane;
The service tells
Of His blessed reign;
The glowing font,
And the altar fair,
Speak glorious things
In the House of prayer.

4.

The hearts of some
Who were there that day,
To Christ were clothed
In a bright array;
They were indeed
All pure and clean,
With the Holy Ghost,
And the Lord, within.

5.

And snowy-white
Was their holy dress—
Their robes were robes
Of righteousness;
And thus they seemed,
To the spirit's eye,
An angel host
From the deep blue sky.

6.

Though every one
Was a child of earth—
But born to God
In the bright new birth—
Who, as mists of morn
In the heavens blend,
Had begun the life
Which shall never end.

7.

But often there
In the Church that day,
The Saviour sought
For the lost and stray;

To the hearts he went
Of the dead in sin,
And knocked and knocked
For to enter in.

8.

The voice clear
Of the preacher rose,
The soul was stirred
From its death-repose;
The Word came in
To his home new-made,
And a great life burned
Where the heart was dead.

9.

The preacher speaks,
Nor alone is he—.
For all that ye hear
And all that ye see,
Bespeak the Lord
As well as he—
And the Church is full
Of His history.

10.

And thus was love
In the heart conceived,
As the Word was preached,
And the lost believed;
For the life of God,
By the Spirit groweth,
As the gentle wind
Where it listeth bloweth.

11.

The service o'er,
The ransomed went
As sheep 'mid wolves,
By the Saviour sent;
And the Church was left,
As a ruby sweet,
To be trod alone
By the angel's feet.

III.

THE NEW BIRTH.

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.—*St. John* iii. 3.

1.

Again the bell
In the belfry rang,
As a joyous choir
Of the angels sang;
And the loved ones came
In their beauty fair,
And knelt them down
In the House of prayer.

2.

To-day the priest
In his meekness stood
By the brimming font,
As he prayed to God;
His prayer went up
O'er the sparkling wave,
That it, blessed of Him,
Might be strong to save.

3.

It there was seen
In its brightness clear,
As the purest heart
Of the worshipper;
An emblem pure
Of the Thing within,
That washeth the heart
That is dead to sin.

4.

But lo! I saw,
That the sparkling wave
Where the Lord is not,
Has no power to save;
And only those
Can be washed from sin,
Whose hearts are full
Of a Life within.

5.

The water speaks
On the outer part,
Of the washing of God
That's done in the heart;

And the life that is born,
Neither flesh is, nor blood;
Nor yet of the will,
But is born of God.

6.

It taketh indeed
Of His nature Divine,
And is one in the Lord,
As a part of the Vine;
'Tis this that must lead
As the Saviour trod—
'Tis a lifetime on earth
In the life of God.

7.

The foul old man,
In the wave must die;
The heart must live
In the life of the sky;
A man all new,
As it were from the grave,
Must we come again
From the Baptal wave.

8.

But now the priest
In his snowy trail,
Was by the font,
And the chancel-rail;
And sweet and bright
Did his visage seem,
For the home of God
Had been made in him.

9.

God's own he stood,
In his raiment bright,
As pure as snow
In the good Lord's sight;
As ready to mark
With the cross and wave,
Each gentle soul
Whom the Lord would save.

10.

If Christ's, we must bow
To a daily cross,
All earthly things
We must count as dross;

The Baptal wave
Will the life begin,
And bearing the cross
Will purge us from sin.

11.

But Heaven was there,
In the Church that day,
Bright angel hosts
From the sky away;
The aisles were full,
Where their light feet trod,
To gaze in their love
On the "born of God."

12.

Within the aisle,
Lo! the Saviour came
With a gentle host,
Which He knew by name,
And He led them up
To the font's fair brim,
Where they knelt them down
And were named for Him.

13.

The pearly drops,
As the dew is bright,
On their brows were seen
In a stream of light;
But the angels saw,
Where they softly trod,
That their hearts were born
To the life of God.

14.

The children of earth,
With the mark of the grave,
Had triumphed o'er death
In the Baptal wave;
Had a life begun
Which never shall die—
They were dead to the earth,
In the life of the sky.

15

Now the pure in heart
In their rapture sang,
Till the holy Church
With the sweetness rang;

Lo! the angels were glad
As the people went,
For there's joy above
When the lost repent.

16.

Yea the cry went forth,
That the dead in sin,
To the life of God
Had been born again;
And I heard a voice
In its sweetness, say—
When such are born
They shall live alway.

IV.

CONFIRMATION. — PT. I.

1.

The sky to-day
Was so soft and bright,
That the earth was filled
With a new delight;
The merry birds,
In their pastime gay,
Sang their sweetest songs
In the woods away.

2.

The tiny leaves
Were as spirits bright,
They flapped their wings
With a strange delight;
The zephyrs passed,
As the breath of God,
And shook the trees
In the bright green wood.

3.

But more bright and clear
Than the sky to-day,
More sweet by far
Than the woods away,
Was the holy Church,
Where it meekly stood,
As the Bride of Christ
And the home of God.

4.

To-day the sight
In the Church was new:
The giddy pressed
Into every pew;
The richly dressed,
With the low and vile,
Were mingled well
In the Church's aisle.

5.

For the Bishop now
In the chancel stood,
As he yearly came
In the work of God;

But, I saw full well,
That the giddy crowd
Had not come up,
In the fear of God.

6.

Indeed, I saw
In the Church that day,
That many came
From the world away,
With the mark of death,
Who rarely before,
From the world had come
To the Church's door.

7.

The Church to them
Was of grace bereft,
And nothing was fair,
As the world they left:
They never knew,
In their dreary lot,
That the heart must see
Where the world is not.

8.

The cold sectary,
With an eye of scorn,
To the Church came up
On that Sunday morn—
A wanderer wild
To some chilly spot,—
Again in his home,
While he knows it not.

9.

The day was bright,
Without cold or heat,
Nor was rain or mud
On the stony street;
The fair, who else
Would have staid away,
Right early had come
To the Church that day.

10.

In a gaudy dress,
With their gems so rare,
Were they all arrayed,
Though their hearts were bare;

Their feet were shod
In a tiny dress,
But the way they trod
Was not righteousness.

11.

Nor they seemed to know,
In their pride arrayed,
That their gaudy things
By the worms were made;
The foulest worm
Will pass the gold,
Which the dearest thing
Of this life they hold.

12.

Though fair they seemed
To the eyes of men,
There were other eyes
Which were looking then—
Where proudly they
In their folly stood,
All naked they were
In the eyes of God.

13.

Nor they even knew,
In their pride of dress,
How bare and foul
Was their nakedness;
Nor knew the robes
So clean and bright—
The Christians' robes
Of life and light.

14.

Ay, ay, in the Church
Full many there were,
All whited without
As a sepulchre;
Though named for the Lord,
Their hearts were unclean,
They lived in the Church
But were buried in sin.

15.

But all were not such,
For the Lord's were there,
And children sweet
In the House of prayer;

The "born of God"
In the bright new birth,
Were mingled in peace
With the dead of the earth.

16.

The good and bad,
With the rich and poor,
Had entered in
At the Church's door;
And rags, with silks
Of the richest hue,
In the aisles were seen
And the crowded pew.

V.

CONFIRMATION. — PT. II.

Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.—*Acts* viii. 17.

1.

With a noiseless step
Through the hallowed aisle,
The meek Saviour walked
In the Church the while;
To the loved ones known,
In that sacred spot,
Though the crowd was there
And they saw Him not.

2.

There, hovering far
From their worlds of bliss,
Had the angels come
To their home in this:
They seemed indeed,
But the kith and kin
Of the man of God,
That is born within.

3.

We never come
To the House of prayer
But the angels first,
As at home, are there.
It seems indeed,
As was said of yore,
That the Church on earth
Is but Heaven's door.

4.

As soft as light,
In their love they flew,
And were hung unseen
O'er the crowded pew;
The Holy Dove
In the heavens the while,
They saw the Lord
In the hallowed aisle.

5.

But O my soul,
What a beauteous sight!
A gentle host
In their raiment bright,

And hearts as clean
As the snowy veil,
Had knelt them down
At the chancel-rail.

6.

The same who erst
In the bright new birth,
Were born to God,
And were dead to earth;
But the Holy Ghost
In the heart must be,
Ere yet the soul
Is redeemed for aye.

7.

"Defend, O Lord,"
Was the Bishop's prayer—
He prayed for the Dove,
In His gifts so rare;
That more and more,
In His strength arrayed,
Would he grow and grow
Where his hands were laid.

8.

The Lord will hear
When His servant calls,
And His Spirit descends
Where His blessing falls;
But the new-born receive
What no others can,
For His blessing descends
On the inner man.

9.

There was never a sound
Of the "rushing wind,"
Nor were "cloven tongues"
To alarm the mind,
Nor a voice from Heaven—
But the Lord gave word,
And the Spirit had come
Where no sound was heard.

10.

As the Bishop prayed,
He had heard his prayer,
And had come to each heart
That was trembling there,

And filled them with strength,
As never before,
To grow in His might,
Ever "More and more."

11.

I learned a truth
Which is dear to me:—
Where the Saviour dwells
Will the Spirit be;
And man may walk
As the Saviour trod,
And live in the flesh
In the life of God.

12.

Yea, those who there
For the Spirit pray,
Are His very home
When they go away;
And the man of flesh,
As the stone and wood,
The temple becomes
Of the living God.

13.

Ay, the water can wash
  But the outer part—
'Tis the Spirit of God
  That must wash the heart:
The first we have
  In the Baptal wave,
But the Spirit must wash
  Ere the water can save.

14.

Now the organ rolled,
  And afar away
Went the giddy crowd,
  In their trappings gay.
The chanters ceased,
  And the music's trill,
And the Church again
  Was all hushed and still.

15.

But the angels sang,
  As they rose on the wing,—
How blessed, how blessed
  Of the Holy Thing,

For the child of God
Who shall yield to His sway,
Shall grow in His strength
For aye and aye.

VI.

THE NEW MAN.

As unto babes in Christ.—1 *Cor.* iii. 1.

1.

All weak indeed
When its life began,
Like an infant frail,
Was the inner man;
But the Holy Church,
As a mother dear,
Will a child rear up
That is born in Her.

2.

For the care of God
O'er His children's weal,
No other heart
But the Lord's can feel;
With a watchful eye
Will He guide aright,
All the stumbling feet
In the paths of light.

3.

He will feed us too,
As He leads along,
Though He bruises the heart
As He makes it strong.
Yea, a shining host,
From the skies above,
Will He send to watch
O'er the child of His love.

4.

So the new man grows
And is free from harm,
As the infant sweet
On the nurse's arm;
No babe that sleeps
On its mother's breast,
Hath such tender care
As the babe in Christ.

5.

Lo! Its powers soon
By the flesh is felt,
As It more and more
Makes the old man melt;

And daily less
Grows the man of sin,
And the heart more strong
By the life within.

6.

But the flesh of man
Must indeed decay
As the flower of grass,
In the field away;
For well we know
That the flesh and blood,
No portion can have
In the life of God.

7.

Though weak and frail
When this life began,
Like an angel now
Is the inner man;
All else is dead,
As it holdeth sway,
And the heart is full
Of Its strength alway.

8.

The image of God
  Is the man within,—
It dieth no more,
  Nor is known to sin;
It groweth still
  Like the Father above,
For the inner man,
  Is A LIFE OF LOVE.

VII.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.—*St. John* vi. 53.

1.

Lo! a feast to day
In the Church is spread,
We see the wine
And the broken bread;
All freely there,
On the festal board,
Are the bread of life
And the Saviour's blood.

2.

No table sweet
As the Lord's is spread,
But the eyes behold
Not that living Bread;
The thing we press
With the teeth, as meat,
Though a sign, is not
Of the food we eat.

3.

Of all who come
To the festal board,
Only those can eat
Who are born to God:
The self-deceived
Who come and are dead,
Do only eat
Of the wine and bread.

4.

Nor can eyes of flesh
The fair board survey—
The spirit must,
And alone can see;
To the carnal mind
It is all unseen,
For the man who feeds
Is the life within.

5.

We feast in faith
At the Chalice-brim,
And become like Christ
If we feed on Him;

His nature as ours
Must we duly impart,
Ere we "feed on Him
By faith in the heart."

6.

If we make not ourselves
In His likeness Divine,
We taste not His flesh
In the bread and wine;
The thing which first
At the font began,
Thus grows and grows
To the perfect man.

7.

To this board come not
Then the giddy crowd,
For they ne'er can feast
On the feast of God:
The carnal man
Hath no feast but sin,
And he knoweth not
Of the life within.

Angel Songs.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven."

I.

THERE is a world of beauty, glowing
In the starry realms above,
Where fleecy orbs, forever flowing,
Light a holy land of love;
So far its light, though filling heaven,
Is unknown to mortal ken,
Nor yet has reached through all the ages,
To the homes of sinful men.

II.

Eternal glory floats around it,
Gorgeous as the Autumn sky,
And milky clouds, like winged spirits,
Bright and peaceful, wander by;

And, robed liked Aaron, through the heavens
Seen upon their misty wings,
As if they bore a daily incense,
Meekly to the King of kings:

III.

Or, slow departing, cast their shadows
O'er the limpid lake, or glen,
As, when of old, the Saviour rising,
Sent His Spirit unto men;
To cheer them in their bitter struggles,
Till the nations gather in,
And the world, with all her peoples,
Is redeemed from death and sin.

IV.

Soft winds with odors sweetly laden,
Sweep the meadows and the sea,
As barks unseen, but ever bearing
Spicy wealth from Araby;
And everywhere the laughing waters,
Stirred in dimples, leap and sing,
And seem like many happy beings,
Ever mounting on the wing.

V.

There too, are pathways, silent, olden,
Walks of angels, round the hills—
Green vines, hung down with clusters golden,
Clothe the rocks above the rills;
And, far beyond the reach of language,
More than any speech is full,—
Far beyond the hope of mortals,
Is this bright world beautiful.

VI.

As many priests in holy service,
With their snowy vestments on,
Ascend the chancel, and the singers
Chant the high Trisagion;
Or when, at early confirmation
Come the young, in snowy veil,
And seeking for the Holy Spirit,
Kneel around the chancel-rail:

VII.

And rising, sealed as God's own children,
Dead to sin for aye and aye,
With clean white hearts, keep on their journey
To the upper realms of day—

Ten thousand thousand happy spirits,
Ever pure, and ever bright,
As meek as doves around their windows,
Wander in this world of light.

VIII.

And when the morning ray is softest,
Filled with love their beaming eyes,
Alike the swelling waves of Ocean
Far the notes of love arise;
A sea-tide of the richest music,
Swelling till the close of day,
Until the sound is heard and echoed
In the worlds afar away.

IX.

And these are beings blessed of Heaven,—
Strong the wing, and deep the eye,
Beyond the light of suns their vision,
Piercing through the distant sky;
Forever for their Maker's glory,
Wandering long, in weary flight,
They visit other worlds of beauty,
Shining in the realms of light.

X.

Their minds can see, the deepest beauties
Sleeping in the works of God,
The endless hosts of wondrous glories
Working for eternal good;
But some are higher than the others
In the wondrous reach of mind,
In deepest wisdom far excelling
Any of the angel kind.

XI.

As when the holy priest in worship
Stands to tell of love and peace,
Of love, the life of worlds of Heaven,
Brought by Shiloh down to this;
And far away the people gather,
From the noise and hum and glare,
And seek to learn the word of wisdom,
In the blessed House of prayer;

XII.

And listen as it falls in mercy,
As the rain in time of heat,
To stir their hearts, as notes of music
Floating from the Mercy seat:—

'Twas thus I heard an angel singing
Loud and sweetly to the throng,
As hosts on hosts were bent to listen
To the mighty angel's song:

1.

There is a world of sin and sorrow
In the distant sky,
Where lives a race that on the morrow
Pines away to die;
A race created for each other,
Made Divine as we,
Whom holy ties would bind together,
But they rend away.

2.

The mighty gifts which God has given,—
High angelic powers,
Would make their world, mid worlds of Heaven,
Bright and sweet as ours:
For God has planted deep within them
Germs of endless peace;
Nor made so hard, that they can win them
Untold happiness.

3.

The morning there is bright and glowing,
Sweet the tinted sky,
And fleecy clouds, forever flowing,
Wander lightly by;
The trees, like harps of angels ringing,
Tremble all the day;
The birds, as happy spirits singing,
Flit across the way.

4.

The shade is cooling as the even,
Soft the mossy bed,
And rocks, like weary ones from heaven,
Rest them in the shade;
The glorious works of God forever
Shine serenely there,
The goodness of the gracious Giver
Floateth in the air.

5.

Bright hills are there, and snow-clad mountains,
Stretching to the sky,
In every vale are limpid fountains,
Pleasing to the eye;

There happy creatures ever wander
Through the quiet air,
And men alone, of many millions,
Are unhappy there.

6.

But, they are highest of creation
In this wondrous sphere,
The richest of the works of mercy
God has wrought out here;
And yet, and yet, the things most holy
They will oft contemn,
And Whom we tremble here to honor
Seems unknown to them.

7.

Most cruel, cruel, strife engenders
Cruel strife again,
And men will wildly work together
Misery for men;
The thoughts of Heaven, high and holy,
Working for their good,
Must e'er be traced, through all the ages,
By the flow of blood.

8.

No kindly power can persuade them,
Resolute and bold,
'Tis not by right, but by the strongest,
Men will be controlled ;
Their minds, with great and wondrous powers,
High inventive skill,
Are working ever for each other,
Instruments to kill.

9.

And even now, in many regions,
Wasting fleeting breath,
They follow after one another
In the work of death ;
They raise the hand in vengeful battle,
For a brother's blood ;
And often gore, like a river,
Rolls a crimson flood.

10.

And too, when all is peace around them,
They will carry still,
To raise in anger, or in hatred,
Instruments to kill.

There, oft from many tender bosoms
Tears run down like rain,
For man to man is ever cruel,
Prodigal of pain.

11.

E'en 'mong the very best and holy,
Sin doth have its sway,
Till man, alike the blasted flower,
Daily fades away;
Woe, woe, there is, and loud contention,
Everywhere they be,
In civil court, or Church convention,
Or in holy sea.

12.

Though every sin doth have its sorrow
Like the barbed steel,
That strikes the heart that walks in error,
Where it most can feel;
Yet, when they suffer strangely, deeply,
Seem they not to know
That walking in the paths of evil,
Brings upon them woe.

13.

Alike a mighty surging ocean,
Where the waters roar,
That rush in foam, and wild commotion,
On the rocky shore;
So, far among the sinful nations,
Storms arise and swell,
And sin and death are there triumphant,
In the woes of Hell.

XIII.

The angel ceased—but now a sorrow
Filled the hearts of all the throng,
For never had been heard in Heaven
Such a mournful angel song;
But few within the blissful region
Would the woeful song receive,
For that a race could be so wretched,
Never could their hearts believe.

XIV.

As when upon the great Niagara
Comes a cloud, with misty wreath,
And floating softly, meekly resteth
O'er the troubled waves beneath;

The music of the angel's singing
Scarcely faded on the ear,
When thus another angel, rising,
Sang in sweetness loud and clear :—

1.

Oh, can there be a world of sorrow
In the distant sky,
Where worlds so decked in untold beauty
Roll forever by !
For God has lavished every mercy
In creation broad,
And spread alike for every creature
Is the love of God.

2.

His mercy beams in smallest flowers
Ever made by Him,
And shinest in the frailest creature
As in cherubim ;
No eye created in the heavens,
Resteth on a spot,
Where is no sign of tender mercy
And His love is not.

3.

Ay, all the worlds are filled with glory
In the peaceful sky,
Both those around in boundless splendor,
And those far away:
Can they, to whom are richly given
Intellectual powers,
E're make their homes less bright and peaceful
Than this world of ours?

4.

Ay, ay, I ween there is no region
All the sky within,
Where there are beings filled with sorrow,
And all dead in sin:
Then grieve not, grieve not, gentle spirits,
Till yourselves shall see,—
For lo! I ween that in the heavens
This can never be.

XV.

More sweetly now, beneath the heavens,
Did his mellow voice outring,
When bending on declining pinions,
Floating down, he ceased to sing;

And far and wide the hosts of heaven
Now were hushed, and quiet all
As limpid waters, far receding
From the distant waterfall.

XVI.

With one consent, they all confessed them
That this thing could never be,
And never was a world of sorrow
Rolling in the distant sky.
My bosom now to speak was swelling,
For I would the truth revealed;
But lo! my tongue had lost its power,
And my ready lips were sealed.

XVII.

Ay, I could tell how true the angel
When he spoke of worldly things,
For well I knew the sins of mortals
And their many sufferings;
But very few of all the heavens
Could receive this story true,
For such a race of sinful beings
None the angels ever knew.

XVIII.

But now I thought a great tribunal
Would be gathered in the sky,
That this high and holy angel
Might be tried for heresy;
I thought of many holy councils,
Since the Christian age began,
Collected to condemn the wanderings
Of a single erring man.

XIX.

And yet, I saw no great tribunal
Gather in this world so fair,
For there is ever free opinion
Where the holy angels are;
And heresy was never known here
Since this lovely world began,
For those, who fain would shackle reason,
Can be found alone with man.

XX.

Although they, fondly bound together,
Differ, yet they ever find
That while they differ, it is only
In the varied reach of mind;

But erring mortals, frail and fickle,
Dare what they ne'er reach unto,
And guided by a seeming wisdom,
Brand their fellows as untrue.

XXI.

That thing is error, which they know not,
What they think not, cannot be,
And what is truth to him who finds it,
Is to others heresy.
Ay, they will make their fellow-beings
Fear to tell what is unknown,
And press the stronger minds of others
To the meanness of their own.

XXII.

Yes, they will fondly meet together
To condemn what others see,
And not as taught, but as they view it,
Brand it as a heresy;
They teach a hard, unfriendly doctrine,
Which is strange, as it is rude,—
That mind can ever fathom wisdom
Less by strength than multitude.

XXIII.

But truth is truth, howe'er we view it—
We must see as best we can,
And when we use our utmost powers,
Cruel is the scorn of man.
O man! the mite doth feed at pleasure,
All it sees and knows is true,
Yet it can never have the powers
Which are given unto you.

XXIV.

Nor are your powers even stronger,
To the greatest reach of mind,
And wiser beings fall in error,
If they judge among their kind.
Not seeing truth, as others see it,
We may rate, and oft condemn,
When feeble are our little powers
As compared in strength to them.

XXV.

By weighing words, and not the meaning,
Often are we led astray,
For faithful minds may seek expression
For what words cannot convey;

And silly people look no further,
All unapt the fault to see,
And, judging by a feeble language,
Think the truth a falsity.

XXVI.

And we may even truly labor
To sustain a truth we see,
And yet another, just as truthful,
Proves what seems the contrary;
But God, who seeth in the heavens,
Knows that neither is to blame,
For while we strive and seem to differ,
We may even mean the same.

XXVII.

While thus I thought, the hosts of heaven
All were peaceful and serene,
And not amid the shining angels
Was a single thought unclean;
But, filled with love and gentle meekness,
None the angel would condemn,
For they had learned to love each other
As the Father loveth them.

XXVIII.

But as the clouds in gentle Springtime,
Sweet and peaceful floating by,
Their hearts into each other blending
Were these spirits of the sky;
Their knowledge ever too increaseth,
As in Spring the flower grows,
That first the bud unopened cometh,
Then the fullness of the rose.

XXIX.

Their hearts increase alike their wisdom
And their high capacity,
And there is boundless peace forever
'Mong the angels of the sky;
But when as mortals hearing strange news,
Passing through some region broad,
Collect in groups and earnest listen
As the speaker tells the crowd;

XXX.

So coming far, the hosts of heaven
'Round each singing angel stood,
To hear explained this strange, strange story,
Of the hidden works of God,—

When thus, another holy angel
Rose upon his downy wing,
And, like the sounding of a trumpet,
Loud and sweet began to sing :

1.

Ay, both the holy angels
Sang them what is true,—
There is a world of sorrow
In the starry blue,
A world of glowing beauty,
Where are spread abroad
The glories and the mercies,
Of the Living God.

2.

There is a race of beings
This lovely world within,
Who even now are treading
All the paths of sin ;
And many millions suffer
In the distant sky,
And heap upon each other
Every misery.

3.

But this shall have an ending,
Every woe shall heal,
And yet, a boundless glory
Shall this world reveal;
The time of sorrow floweth
But a little span,
And God His glory worketh,
In the race of man.

XXXI.

But now the heavens, growing dimmer,
Soon were faded from my sight,
And all the glory of the angels
Vanished with the fading light;
The world was left much darker to me
Than before it seemed to be,
While ever from me, goes my spirit
To the calm and quiet sky.

The Lord's Prayer.

Lord, teach us to pray.—*St. Luke* xi. 1.

1.

HOLY Prayer! who loves not thee,
Knows no inward majesty,
Nor thy perfect way can see—
Reaching through eternity;

2.

Nor can know the theme of Christ,
Nor the yearnings, Heaven-blest,
Treads not to the place of rest,
In the way that's truest, best;

3.

Thinks no thoughts the Saviour thought,
Feels no life His dying taught,
Nor the light within has caught—
Walking as a Christian ought.

4.

Sees no Kingdom yet to be,
Nor how strangely, mightily,
Christ's dominion makes a way
In the heart, from sea to sea;

5.

Knows not he, in darkness still,
Of a high and holy thrill,
Bending to the Father's will,
Ever perfect, perfect still;

6.

Knows not he how sweet to feel
Wounds received as given, heal
By a love for human weal,
Softening down the hearts of steel;

7.

Feels not whence the light of day,
Whence the food he takes alway,
Nor temptations by the way,
Nor the evils which betray;

9.

Has no Apostolic fire,
Has no high and pure desire,
Soon in life's rough way will tire,
Never thinking to require—
"Teach us, Lord, to pray."

Statuary.

IN MERCANTILE LIBRARY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

1.

RANGED with skill, thy lovely marble
Stands, O artist, in my view!
And I feel thou hast a power
Given only to the few.

2.

Wondrous power! wondrous workman!
Tracing, with unerring skill,
Where have moved the Father's fingers
In the beings of His will.

3.

Printing, on thy pallid marble,
Thoughts no creature could conceive—
Imitating thoughts of Heaven,
Till thy marble seems to live.

4.

Carve, O artist, with thy chisel,
Such a being as I tell,
And thy highest work before me
Will not please thee half so well.

5.

Make no form of gentle woman,
Showing more than meet to see—
Carve no perfect leg, or ankle,
With such skillful symmetry:

6.

Make not, artist, with thy power,
What shall please the fleshly eye,—
Carve for me a wondrous figure,
Which shall move and edify.

7.

For thy model, choose a woman—
Take from her the woman's grace;
Spend, oh spend thy deepest power
In the tracing of the face.

8.

Care not for the classic feature—
Make thy figure true to life:
Let it be a good old woman,
Let it be an aged wife.

9.

But I charge you make this figure,
So the Christian life shall be
Marked upon each grace and feature,
With the Christian's soft, meek eye.

10.

Show the cares upon her forehead,
Which have been for mortal good,
Building up herself and others
In the image of her God.

11.

Show those deep but gentle traces,
Made by time and Christian love,—
Show the heart within her, yearning
For her long sweet home above.

12.

Make, O artist, make this figure
In a woman's matchless grace,—
Men will gaze and say, how lovely
Is an aged Christian face.

The Church.

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

1.

THIS ugly little building,
With clumsy pew and stove,
Without a desk or chancel,
Despise not thou, but love:
'T is rude and very humble,
And in a lonely spot—
The world would hardly like it,
But thou despise it not.

2.

The poor and erring built it,—
An emblem but to show
That what is truly lovely,
From perfect faith must grow;

'T is rough and poor, but earnest,
And cometh from the heart—
A gift unto their Maker,
Esteemed much more than art.

3.

The pulpit is unseemly,
And altar hath it none,
Nor font, with holy washing,
To seal us for the Son:
And yet, this place is holy,
And known of God above—
The very place where dwelleth
The Saviour and the Dove.

4.

The soul here wakes from sleeping,
And here is born again
A life, which is eternal,
Within the hearts of men:
Then love this place, so humble,
That erst was lightly trod,
And ever henceforth call it
The Dwelling-place of God.

5.

He careth not for temples
All costly made within,
Unless the heart He knoweth
Is deadened unto sin:
If His, He dwelleth in us,
And everywhere we pray
We make for Him a temple,
As beautiful as day.

6.

He dwelleth all around us,
And hallows every spot
Where Christians come to worship,
And where the world is not:
Then love this little building,
Though rude and rough it be,—
It herein but resembleth
Our own impurity.

A Vision.

THE GRIEF OF THE ANGELS.

1.

WHEN buried in my slumber
In stillness of the night,
A grand and awful vision
Was opened to my sight;
Long millions of long millions
Of earthly miles away,
On misty wings I wandered
Into another day.

2.

The sun and all his planets
Were faded from my sight,
And worlds, that here we knew not,
Grew wondrously bright;

The brilliant stars, that glitter
Beyond the milky way,
Were hidden by the distance,
In dark obscurity.

3.

Here splendor upon splendor
Bedecked the new-born sky,
As countless arching sunbeams
Lit up the canopy;
And worlds, all bathed in glory,
As in some shining sea,
Kept rolling on and rolling,
To all eternity.

4.

The fullness of this splendor
No mortal eye can see,
For vast, beyond conception,
Is God's immensity:
The Spirit onward led me —
How far I cannot tell,
But now I heard around me
The sweetest music swell.

5.

I saw the fairest flowers,
And softest sky above,
And brightest crystal rivers
Roll through this land of love:
A new, untasted pleasure,
And joys, unknown to me,
Made all this blessed region
A land of ecstasy.

6.

Bright bands of happy beings
Were scattered o'er the sod,
With eyes intent to study
The glorious works of God;
Anon I saw a spirit,
With proud, majestic eye,
Whose gaze, of all the angels,
Went deepest in the sky:

7.

He stood, and gazed intently,
With angel's highest powers,
When lo! within the distance,
Appeared this world of ours:

He now was filled with wonder,
And spread his downy wings
To see, with nearer vision,
The beauty of this thing.

8.

I witnessed nought but pleasure
Within this world so fair,
For far beyond expression
The angels happy are;
But now a gentle slumber
Enwrapped me with its spell,—
How long I slept unconscious
I surely cannot tell.

9.

But oh! a sound most woful
Aroused me from my sleep,
For all the holy angels
Most bitterly did weep;
All joy was gone from Heaven—
All pleasure died away,
As when a midnight darkness
Dispels the light of day.

10.

There never was in Heaven
A scene so sad as this,
For sorrow ne'er had entered
Into those realms of bliss;
The angel who had wandered
Into the distant space,
Had come with tearful story
Into this Holy place:

11.

For he, with pinion rapid,
Had been where mortals dwell,
And live with one another
As denizens of Hell;
He saw that wild confusion
Through every region ran,
And sin, with all its sorrows,
Marked out the homes of man.

12.

The sad and weeping angel
Here covered up his face,
For in this world so wretched
He said he saw no peace;

Of all the worlds that glitter
The glorious sky within,
He saw no one so buried
In misery and sin.

13.

Within this blissful region
This sight was not, till then,—
For never had they gazed on
A race of fallen men;
For God, to them in mercy,
This world did far remove
From those most blissful regions,
Where angels dwell in love.

14.

The tearful vision left me—
I was on earth again,
And found my habitation
Among these fallen men;
And now my soul is weeping
Its watery fountains deep—
For ah! the things of this world
Make holy angels weep.

A Missionary Story.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.—*St. Mark* i. 3.

1.

LIST, ye winds, that howl around me,
So unfeeling and so cold,
I will tell a fearful story,
Which I oft before have told;
When ye hear it, bear it quickly—
Spread it widely as ye can,
Let it enter every city,
Every dwelling-place of man.

2.

Go where high and splendid churches
Rear their towers to the sky,
Tell it 'neath the costly arches
Where the wealthy bow the knee;

Go where people kneel on cushions
Crimson as the Saviour's blood,
Rustling in their gloss and gewgaws,
To partake of Holy food.

3.

Go where light from colored windows
Falleth softer than the day,
Where the golden-clasped prayer-book
Shineth in its rich array;
Go where full and hearty choirs
Raise the notes of rapture high,
Which in souls all filled with worship
Seems like angel minstrelsy.

4.

Go where oak is carved in beauty
In the pulpit which ye see,
Where is sweetness 'round the altar
And around the Baptistery;
Where ye hear the merry ringing,
Or the chiming of the bell,
Go ye winds and tell this story
Which ye now do hear me tell:—

5.

Tell it as the preachers bow them
In the surplice white as snow—
Tell it as they speak of Jesus,
Of His sufferings and His woe,
Of His kingdom, of His coming,
Of His coming yet to be,—
When they speak of love and mercy,
Go, ye winds, and tell it ye—

6.

Tell them, tell them I'm their brother,
Weak and youthful though I be—
Tell them of my daily struggle
With the common enemy,—
How ye came, like wintry howlings,
All around and o'er the sod,
Yet ye saw, in all this region,
Not a single Church of God.

7.

Nave or chancel here ye see not,
Altars fair, nor Baptisteries,
Though the land is filled with people,
And the woods with noble trees;

Yea, from Iowa to Kansas,
Far along Missouri's tide,
I alone with clear credentials
Tell of Jesus crucified.

8.

Here no cheerful organ soundeth,
Here no people crowd to praise—
Worshippers are few and feeble,
Like the ship wrecked on the seas;
Never sounds the merry church bell,
Calling us to service high—
All is dark as when the Saviour
Hung upon Mount Calvary.

9.

Go, ye winds, and tell this story,
Make the thoughtless stop to hear—
Tell them how this land so mighty
Hardly hath a worshipper;
Tell it sadly, tell it truly,
Waft it far o'er hill and dell,
In the town and in the city,—
Go, this mournful story tell.

10.

Tell it in the place of pleasure,
  Tell it in the hall of glee,
Tell it where the sick man looketh
  Only to eternity;
Tell it in the bridal chamber,
  Tell it too where sorrows be,—
Every place where there are Christians,
  Go, ye winds, and tell it ye.

Cross of Christ.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Gal.* vi. 14.

1.

O CROSS of Christ! it ne'er shall be,
That we shall seek to banish thee
From this thy home;
But rear thee high in every place,
Where Adam's poor and fallen race
Shall ever come.

2.

Fit emblem then of Faith, think we—
Thou art to us no shameful tree
Which we should hate;
For on thy arms extended, died,
For mortal sins, the Crucified—
To expiate.

3.

Then I will rear thee in my breast,
And seek to gain eternal rest
  By bearing thee:
And ever will I bless His name
Who died on thee, and bore thy shame,
  Thou lovely Tree.

Christian Hearted.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies.—*St. Matt.* v. 44.

1.

MAN, man, with Christian heart—
Jesus' own!
Who, who is like to thee,
'Neath the sun?
Angels more pure than thou,
Are more high,
But, but they bear no cross
In the sky.

2.

Worldlings a rod will feel,
Lost in sin;
Yet, yet no cross they wear,
Dead within;

Doing no others hurt,
Harm ye bear,
Pleased if for others' good
Woes ye share.

3.

Seeking no pleasure here,
But above,
Passing your life away—
Life of love;
Angels with angels dwell—
None to sin,
But ye must live with men—
Sinful men.

4.

Loving, where others hate,
Ye must be;
Weak, weak, must bear much wrong
Patiently:
Man, man, with Christian heart—
Jesus' own,
Who, who is like to thee,
'Neath the sun?

Church Bells.

1.

LISTEN to the church-bells—
Hear them how they ring,
Calling up the lost ones
To the Saviour King:
Some are ringing sadly,
Some with merry glee—
Listen to the church-bells,
How they call to thee.

2.

Soon they 'll stop their ringing—
Ye no more shall hear;
Now their gentle warning
Peals so loud and clear,

Ye will wish to hear them
And come back again,
But no bell can lead you
To the Saviour then.

3.

Whither ye are going
Never will they ring—
And there's no returning
To the Saviour King:
Hasten, then, to Jesus,
Make no longer stay—
Listen to the church-bells,
How they call for thee.

Advent.

1.

AN old man passed
With a scythe in his hand,
And he seemed to press
To some distant land;
Though he heard no call
That would bid him to stay,
He spoke to us all
As he hurried away.

2.

No child of the earth—
For he seemed as a king,
As he pressed along
On his downy wing;

And I knew by his look,
  Which was deep and sublime,
That the king whom I saw
  Was the old king, Time.

3.

Ah, list! I said,
  To the Advent-bell,
Around the earth
  Can I hear it swell:
Was ever a sound
  So sweet and clear,
As the Advent-bell
  Of the Christian-year?

4.

He answered me not—
  And I said yet again,
Will ye list? will ye list
  To the Advent strain?
Oh stop in the Church,
  And bend ye your ear,
And tell me what sounds
  More sweet can ye hear.

5.

Yea, a sound is there
  Where is never a tongue,
A song by the oak
  And the marble is sung;
Sweet voices arise
  From the things that ye see—
'Tis the voice of God
  That speaketh to thee.

6.

And all in the Church
  That ye see and hear,
Will carry you back
  For many a year:
They tell of a king
  Of the olden time—
The Born of God
  To a life sublime;

7.

Who died on the cross,
  As a ransom given
To build upon earth
  The Kingdom of Heaven,—

Who died, yet He lives,
And His Kingdom shall be
As the sand that is strewn
On the shore of the sea.

8.

Now the old man spoke,
As he hurried away—
"Most true, indeed,
Are the things that you say;
For joys which now
No heart can conceive,
Shall rest evermore
On those that believe.

9.

The King whom ye love
Shall return as He went—
The nations of earth
Shall see and repent:
All sorrow and war
And tumult shall cease,
The heavens and earth
Shall mingle in peace.

10.

Then love still more
In the Church what ye see,
For she mingles the past
With the yet to be;
There are in the ring
Of the Advent-bell,
More strange sweet sounds
Than the tongue can tell."

Easter.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

1.

CHRIST is risen, O ye people!
"He is risen, as He said;"
Death is conquered, yea forever,—
Christ hath risen from the dead.

2.

Now has death no sting nor terror—
Now, as from a sweet repose,
We shall rise, nor die forever,
Since the Blessed Redeemer rose.

3.

O, my Saviour, we shall follow—
Whither Thou hast gone we come;
Well we know that Thou hast risen
But the first-fruits of the tomb.

4.

Far away in life eternal,
Rising higher day by day,
We shall glory, Blessed Saviour,
In the life wrought out by Thee.

5.

Rising from a death in Satan,
Lord, we'll live to Thee alone—
Keeping aye a twofold Easter
For Thy rising and our own.

6.

And our bodies risen with Thee,
Threefold shall that Easter be,
And will keep it, Blest Redeemer,
E'er to all eternity.

Ascension Day in St. George's.

When He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight. *Acts* i. 9.

1.

IN a bright Canadian village,
By the waters clear and sweet,
Where the sky is filled with beauty,
And a thousand warm hearts beat;

2.

I heard the bell of St. George's
As it pealed on the balmy air,
And called, called up the people,
To meet in the House of prayer;

3.

And loud, from out the belfry
In tender peals it swung,
Till I went to the Church to worship,
As called by an angel tongue.

4.

I stood in the desk, by the chancel,
And the words of the service read;
But vainly I tried to worship,
For my heart within was dead.

5.

'T was the Feast, the Feast of Ascension,
And we saw the Saviour rise
Up, up, through the gates eternal,
To His mansion in the skies.

6.

And we heard the white-robed angels
In the words of Heaven say,—
'T is thus the Lord in glory
Shall come in the latter day.

7.

But sad was my heart within me,
For I looked to the vacant pew;
And small was the band before me,—
A faithful band, but few.

8.

For where, oh where! St. George's—
Thy children, where were they,
That in the Church they came not
On this bright Ascension Day?

9.

Oh where were the crowds that weekly
Are seen in thy hallowed aisle,
To join in the Sunday worship,
And sing to the Lord the while?

10.

I only thought for a moment,
For well have I learned to know
That loud calls the world on a week day,
And the people hear and go.

11.

And the bell might ring in the belfry
Till crumbled to dust are the walls,
And some would not stir from their business,
Nor list when the sweet bell calls.

12.

I thought, O Christ, of Thy children,
Away from the Church, away,
Who loved not Thy bright ascension,
Nor the hope of the latter day.

13.

I was grieved in the holy service,
For still the sad thought came—
How few do follow the Saviour,
Of all who are named in His name.

14.

I paused as I led in the worship,
For a voice was in my ear
As loud as a peal of thunder,
Though others seemed not to hear.

15.

Up, up through the Church it echoed,
With a fearful sound and keen,
As an angel spoke with a trumpet,
And walked in the aisles unseen.

16.

Awake, said the voice of wonder,
Nor grieve at the things you see,
For this is a picture of Heaven—
Of the world that is yet to be.

17.

When the sun and moon in their splendor,
And the stars in the darkness roll,
And the world with all its peoples
As the winding up of a scroll,

18.

Ye then will see, in the heavens,
That there it is even the same,—
Not all are redeemed by the Saviour
Who here confess to His name.

Hymn of Death.

He that believeth in Me, shall never die.—*St. John* xi. 26.

1.

BRING my coffin, place it by me,
'T is a thing I learn to love,—
What before could terrify me,
Now but lifts my heart above.

2.

Never can my being perish,
Though my body feel death's pain,—
In my heart a life I cherish,
Which can never die again.

3.

In the heavens higher, higher
Ever shall my spirit be,
Till my being turn to fire
In the glories of the sky.

4.

Wrap in death my clothes around me,
As upon a bridal day;
Thoughts of death cannot confound me—
When I die I live alway.

5.

Take my measure; fit me coldly
In the narrow bed of wood;
Bars of iron cannot hold me—
When I die I live in God.

6.

Wife, I charge thee for me weep not,
Nor the mournful trappings wear;
Days of sorrow keep, oh! keep not,
When I am where angels are.

7.

Heap the sod and place the gravestone
Firm above my chilly head;
But, I charge you, write upon it
That I sleep, and am not dead.

Ministry of Angels.

Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.—*Gen.* xxviii. 12.

1.

I HEAR no soft, sweet rushing wings,
I see no wondrous forms of light,
Nor can my eye trace holy things
That minister in Heaven's might.

2.

No fleecy clouds bear up a host
Of beings which the eye can scan;
Nor do I see the Holy Ghost,
That daily wings His flight to man.

3.

Nor hear I sounds of music sweet
Float trembling from the starry spheres,
Nor do I know those sounds—so meet
For angels, not for human ears.

4.

And yet from out yon realms of love
A host plies ever on the wing,
To bear our daily prayers above,
And daily answers back to bring:

5.

To feed us with a holy food,
And make us stronger day by day;
To build us more and more like God,
As more and more *ourselves* decay.

6.

They wing around me, though unseen,
And hold a converse pure and high;
They ever come and go between
God's poorest children and the sky.

7.

I've felt the strength they brought and gave
Unto the life that burns within,
And feel that God thus sends to save
The body from the rule of sin.

8.

And every moment that I spend
Among mankind in fleeting day,
These ministers of God attend,
And lead me in His holy way:

9.

And, though I hear them not nor see
Their soft wings floating light and thin,
They ever build me up to be
The image of my God within.

The Inquiry.

1.

DO you love God, my father?
Spoke out a little child,
And waited for an answer,
His heart so undefiled.

2.

You surely, surely love Him,
For mother loves Him so;
But when she goes to praise Him,
You never wish to go.

3.

Say, do you love Him, father,
And don't you often pray
When I, along with mother,
Am sometimes gone away?

4.

I love you both, my father,—
But you make mother weep;
And oft I've seen her praying
When you were fast asleep.

5.

My mother often tells me
I must love God, so true;
But tell me, dearest father,
Must I love Him as you?

6.

My mother is so gentle,
But you are rarely so,—
Do you love God, my father?
I'd like so much to know.

7.

I heard you say but lately,
That all the living die;
And mother says that then, too,
We live beyond the sky.

8.

If you love God, my father,
To live with Him some day,
Pray tell if you, or mother,
Pursue the better way?

9.

For I love God, my father,
But know not what to do,—
Oh! must I follow mother,
Or must I be like you?

The Unseen Way.

1.

I KNOW there's not a single hour
That wings its flight above my head,
But what a hidden form of power
Fills up the number of the dead;
And not a single star that fades
In sweetness in the morning's dawn,
But life departs as fleeting shades,
And some immortal soul is gone.

2.

There is a shining way between
The earth we tread and heaven's day:
There is a solemn host unseen,
That moves forever 'long that way:

And Death, the angel, ever tends
To lead along this unknown road,
As every moment one ascends,—
Or wanders farther from his God.

3.

Among these passing hosts are they
Whose hearts are washed, and pure, and clean;
Who float into the world away,
Forevermore redeemed from sin:
There scarcely rolls a moment by,
But somewhere in this world there be
Who lift their hearts above, and cry
Lord Jesus, lo! I come to Thee.

Gloria in Excelsis.

1.

"GLORY be to God on high,"
Angels sang when Christ was born —
Chaunting cherubs of the sky,
Telling of Salvation's dawn;
In the quiet reign of night,
Floating from the realms of light,
Raising high the living strain —
"Glory to God, good will to men."

2.

Soon their notes no more were heard
Trembling on from sphere to sphere,
Telling of the living Word,
In His endless Kingdom here.

Holy Church caught up the strain—
"Glory to God," and "peace to men;"
Still the holy song is sung
Everywhere, by every tongue.

3.

Holy Church loves well to sing
Such a song, so full and sweet—
As a mighty living thing
Age to age re-echoes it.
Hearts of men are cords of fire,
Woven in a mystic lyre—
Notes of God,—on deathless wings,—
Living, linger on those strings.

4.

As the world rolls through the sky,
'T is a harp by angels strung—
"Glory be to God on high"
Rises from its burning tongue.
Heard in motions sweet and long,
Heard in daily Even-song;
Angel host, thy gentle strain
Fills the earth again, again.

5.

Holy Mother, thus I hear
"Glory be to God" in thee,
Filling all the Christian-year
With the high doxology.
Angels sang it, and the trill,
Age by age, must linger still;
What awoke Salvation's dawn,
Wakes the Resurrection's morn.

6.

Loud I heard the choir sing
That sweet song I love to hear,
Till there seemed, on fleecy wing,
Hosts of Heaven ling'ring near;
Through the lessons to the close,
Still to me the sweet song rose,
Till I knelt me down to be
Marked, O Lord, and named for Thee.

7.

Pearly drops upon my brow
Priestly hands poured, pure and clean,
And, as rose the burning vow,
Lo, a life was born within.

And my ears were opened then—
Still I heard the angel strain
Rolling softly in the sky,
"Glory be to God on high."

8.

He whose heart is tuned aright,
  Knows the heavens ever near—
Sees the many forms of light,
  Hears what others cannot hear.
As the Saviour came to earth,
And the angels sang His birth,
They will ever swell the strain
As each heart is born again.

9.

Never in the realms above,
  Nor on earth this song shall cease,
Till the earth is filled with love,
  And forever shall be peace;
Till the world shall catch the fire
Of the bright angelic choir,
And forever, evermore,
Shall the reign of death be o'er.

The Light.

The true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.— *St. John* i. 9.

OLDEN, olden is the hist'ry,
Leading back to distant ages,
Unto which I beg you listen —
But it is a very strange one.

In the ages olden, olden,
Men had light, and yet in darkness
Were they ever blindly groping,
Groping in benighted reason.

Eyes they had, and yet they saw not —
Darker than Egyptian darkness
Rose the glorious things around them:
Then the perfect reign of reason —

Then the time for Paine and Voltaire,
And such other noted worthies;

Then the time that boasted reason
Should have found the light of Heaven,

But they never, never found it:
Years advanced and years receded,
Great men rose, and lived, and flourished,
Yet they never, never found it.

All at once a light from Heaven —
Brighter than e'er known to mortals,
Living, burning, lighting all things,
Glowing forth in rays effulgent —
Burst upon the human vision.

They who long had sat in darkness,
In the valley of Death's shadow,
Saw the Light in vivid splendor.

Now they saw, though with the eyes shut,
Saw what ne'er before they thought of:
Holy beings, high, eternal —
Holy pathways in the heavens —
Mighty powers, shining virtues —
Saw the very heavens opened,
Heard the sweet songs of the angels,

Saw them rising and descending —
Thought the very thoughts of Heaven —
Saw the Everlasting Father,
Light and Life of all creation;
Saw the glorious hope of mortals —
In their great and endless glory,
Living through unnumbered ages,
Growing ever higher, higher;
Saw the way, the way to Heaven,
Saw the pathways of the blessed;
Saw the way of sorrow gilded,
Like the storm-cloud in the Summer
When the sun-light falls upon it,
Making all its edges silver —
Darker, though, to eyes of mortals,
Than it is as seen from Heaven.

But this Light of ages olden—
Brought by Shiloh from the Father,
Brightest jewel of the Heavens,
Was as strange as it was wondrous:

Reaching where no other reaches,
Piercing walls, and piercing bosoms —
Lighting up the dens and dungeons:
Crossing seas and mighty oceans,

Shining through all coming ages —
"Light of Light," supreme and perfect:
LOVE, the being of the Father,
LOVE, the Christian's LIFE and glory,—
Burning chiefly in the bosom,
Beaming from the eyes and features,
Shining forth in holy walkings,
As a light-house o'er the ocean.

When it reaches not the bosom
All is dread and bitter darkness,—
All the ways of life are hidden,
And the gates of Hell are yawning.

It must be within the bosom,
Or to us its light is nothing;
For it lights the inner being,
Filling with its light the body.

Thus it shineth, ever shineth,
Holy Light that came from Heaven;
Building up God's helpless creatures,
Raising them to untold glories,
To the rest prepared forever
For His true and faithful children;

Making all men good and holy,
Making one of all the nations.

Thus it shone in ages olden,
Melting all the icy heathen,
Driving off the clouds so murky
Gathered o'er the human reason,
Conquering nations by its brightness.

Vanquished were the realms of darkness,
Long it shone in vivid splendor,
Lighting up the fleshy temples
Fitted for the Holy Spirit,—
Buildings clean and pure and perfect,
Lighted by the WORD eternal,
Brighter than are suns and systems.

Thus were Christians Christ's disciples—
No revilings, no contentions,
Walking like the Blessed Master;
Like a mighty band of brothers
Come, like Jesus, from the Heavens—
All united, all united;
Like the members of the Body,
Like a Vine with many branches:

Thus the love and peace of Christians
E'er their hearts had learned contention,
E'er the Church was rent asunder
By the power of the Dragon.

But the Lord, Who knoweth mortals —
Knows their hearts, how very feeble,
Knows them through all coming ages —
Wrote the Light, impressed and perfect,
Wrote it on a piece of parchment —
As a thing more firm, enduring
Than the hearts of erring mortals —
As a witness to all ages
Of the Light that came from Heaven:
That when men should turn from error,
And should seek this light of glory,
They would find it in the parchment.

Now receding, now receding, —
As the Lord Himself had told them
By the prophet sent from Patmos, —
Fading from the darkened vision
Went the blessed Light of Heaven;
Faded from the human bosom,
Shining mostly in the parchment.

First from out the holy Churches,
Planted by the bless'd Apostles
In the towns of Asia Minor,
Went the light out, slow receding.

Dimmer, dimmer, growing dimmer,
In the many, many Churches
Scattered over all the nations,
Soon the light grew very feeble;
Feebler, as the Prince of Darkness
Gained again his lost dominions,
In the terror of his power.

Strange devices, superstitions,
Wicked deeds and shameful passions
Were the crying shame of mortals:

Demons from the lower regions
Came in all their fearful power,
Feasting in their woes and sorrows,
Filling every human bosom.

Webs were woven, subtle, misty;
As the webs by busy spiders
Working in some house or dungeon,
Dimming all the light that enters.

Some, however, pure and holy,
Kept the blessed light of Heaven
Ever burning in their bosoms;
But the world was filled with darkness.

Long the sable Prince of terrors
Ruled the nations in his power,
And the light of God was hidden
In the dismal night of error.

Yokes were put upon the people,
Bands upon their powers fastened,
And the world was dark and gloomy:

But there were who hated darkness —
Hated all the deeds of evil —
Seeing, and most deeply feeling,
Darkness growing by oppression.

Then arose the Star of morning —
Wycliffe, with the light within him,
"Morning star" of Reformation;
Then another, then another,
Like the burning comets, trailing
Brightly, sweetly, through the heavens,
Drawing eyes of nations to them
In their glowing tracks of splendor.

Then a great and mighty nation
Roused her from her midnight slumber,
Blew the flame that rested in her —
Blew it, till from cot and hamlet
To the costly homes of princes,
Spread the flame of true religion
From one bosom to another,
Till it rose in glowing beauty,
Burning brightly in all England;
Till it crossed the British channel —
Piercing through the sombre darkness.

Now arose the mighty heroes
Battling for the Saviour's Kingdom,—
With the light of love within them,
Fighting 'gainst the realms of evil:

Yea, they strove with all their power,
Till the dreadful bars were broken,
And the King of Death was shaken.

Now, the light in all its glory,
Burst again on mortal vision:
Church of England! thou hast caught it,
Beaming in thy Altar-service,
Beaming in thy daily worship;

In the lives of holy martyrs,
In the rolling Christian seasons;
Yea, thyself hath found the parchment,
Written by the Lord's own finger.

But the light, which once was all men's,
Being lost in total darkness,
Men put on their divers glasses,
Looking with their utmost powers
Through their glasses, many-colored,
For the Light that came from Heaven —
Searching, searching, ever searching.

Some, while taking off the rubbish —
Piercing through the gloom of ages,
Through the mist of superstition,
Through the errors of the Churches —
See the light effulgent glitter,
Through a crevice they have opened
In the misty, misty darkness.

Even now will each man labor,
Opening for himself a crevice,
Joyous at the light that cometh,
Though it be but very little.

Thus it is that men will differ,
In their writing and their speaking,
Of the light which is from Heaven:
Seeing partly, never wholly,
Looking through their varied glasses,
Colored, colored, ever colored.

Thus the world is filled with "churches,"
And the "churches" with contentions,
And the human heart with sorrows.

When again the Light shall lighten —
Fill the hearts of erring mortals,
Shining in their ways and doings;
Guiding in the ways of Heaven,
In the love which Jesus taught us:
When again the light is perfect,
And we cease to view it partly,
But receive it wholly, truly,
Shining forth in all its splendor —
Holy Light that came from Heaven,
Lighting most the human bosom,
Leading in the ways of Goodness,
Making us alike the Father:
Then shall all men be united —

One in Christ, He in the Father —
One forever and forever.

Oh! the glory, peace, and beauty
Of the Saviour's endless Kingdom,
When the Light shall ever fill it,
As a mighty living temple.

Rise in might, O Church of England!
Rise and strive, O England's daughter!
Shine, until your light and glory
Fall upon the sleeping nations:
Till the wounds are healed in Zion,
Till the jarring noise of Babel
Cease within His holy Kingdom,
And the Lord shall reign forever.

Fairland.

1.

A LAND, a land, of pure delight;
Nor sorrow there, nor care to blight;
That land so pleasing to my sight,
My spirit saw.

2.

It was a holy, Christian, land,
By gentlest winds forever fanned;
Where wandered many a happy band,
In purest love.

3.

Each tender heart was filled with peace,
And here was kind, fraternal bliss —
A land so much unlike to this
In which we dwell.

4.

Full many a Church in Jesu's name,
Lit up the land where'er I came;
And "Churches," there, were all the same—
Were one in Christ.

5.

These Homes of God were fair to see,
Nor rudely made to grieve the eye;
The cross was on each steeple high,
To tell of Faith.

6.

The inside, too, was sweetly clean,
And little there of mortal sin;
For those who came wore a cross within,
To be like Christ.

7.

The praying ones were never few —
At worship-time the number grew,
And there was not an empty pew
Or vacant seat.

8.

No lolling there, when psalms up-rose,
To rise at Gloria at the close;
In Church they sought not for repose —
They came to praise.

9.

The priests were clothed in flowing white,
Nor shame they felt, but thought it right
To wear pure robes when in God's sight,
In service high.

10.

From holy bosoms, deep and strong,
They lifted high the thrilling song;
With every word went hearts along,
In deepest praise.

11.

Like Heaven's worship this did seem —
Each called to each in sacred hymn,
As angel unto cherubim
In heavenly scene.

12.

These gentle Christians ne'er contend —
There love is love without an end;
Their hearts into each other blend
In endless peace.

13.

No other name than Christ's they bore,
For Christian was the name of yore —
Forever and forevermore
The truest Name.

14.

No hate was there, nor silly pride,
Which men in their religion hide;
Nor wrong nor sting — but all abide,
As Jesus taught.

15.

There hearts were filled with truth and light,
And there, at last, they had no night:
No other land so pure and bright
As this sweet land.

16.

No sun could give a richer beam,
No glory of so sweet a gleam,—
But oh! it was a fleeting dream
My spirit saw.

Hymn to Christ.

1.

O CHRIST! my heart I lift,
Burning to Thee:
Thou art the Life and Light,
Thou the Truth and Way.

2.

Thy Life the love of God —
Love, that in the sky
Lights up the starry halls,
As a temple high.

3.

Ever within the world,
For the human weal,
Unseen, but in the heart
Making it to feel.

4.

Teaching the dead to live
In a life of love,
Leading as Spirit's walk
In the worlds above.

5.

O Christ! the life is high
Taught to us by Thee—
Angels and God alone,
Know its majesty.

6.

All light, and burning love—
Love so great, Divine;
Thy Life and God's life—
May it, Lord, be mine.

7.

Leading as Thou hast trod,
To the realms above—
Teach me, O Lord, to live
All a life of love.

The Flight.

1.

AS doves that fly
On wings of light,
That seek the cot
Ere comes the night;
As flock on flock
These lovely things,
Fill all the sky
With silver wings:

2.

And floating on
Through fields of light,
Still others come
In silent flight:
So from the world,
The world of sin,
The hosts of Christ
Are gathering in.

3.

They come from far,
O'er hill and glen,
To own the Lord
Who died for men;
They come to bear
The cross He bore,
To wear its shame
Forevermore.

4.

They come to Him,
The Light of Light—
His holy blood
Must make them white—
Must make them clean;
For where they go,
Must all be white
As driven snow.

5.

They come to Him,
As when the light
Of quiet stars
Comes out at night;

Or as the clouds,
That sink to rest
At evening, in
The purple West.

6.

They come to Him
As comes the snow,
When clouds are dark
And wild winds blow;
They come to Him
Day after day,
As white-winged waves
Come o'er the sea.

7.

They cease to come —
Then, through the sky,
The hosts of God
Come winging by:
Woe! woe! to them
In sin alway —
Now cometh Christ's
Great Judgment Day.

The Blessed.

1.

As when the angels come and go,
In raiment white as driven snow—
The priest, to-day,
In meekness and in beauty stood
Within the holy Church of God,
To praise and pray.

2.

And, led by him, the service sweet
Went up,— as to the Mercy Seat
Sweet odors rise,—
And onward, in an upward flight,
Rolled softly as a cloud of light,
Into the skies.

3.

The Church was beautiful and fair,
As if the blessed spirits there
Forever trod;
Each sweet device and comely stone
There spoke, in language all its own,
Of Christ our God.

4.

Fit place was this, when from the hum,
The noise and worldly glare, we come —
As in the sky —
To talk with God, bewail our sin,
And lift our weary spirits, in
Communion high.

5.

To day, in every hue and style,
The very good and very vile
Were gathered there;
And from the world — the world of sin —
A little while were housed within
The place of prayer:

6.

There were, indeed, the rich and great,
The noble-born, of high estate
And lordly mien;
The tender wife, and blushing bride,
The young and old, there side by side
In Church were seen;

7.

The glowing youth and jeweled fair,
In every costly dress, were there
In pride arrayed;
The man of wealth, whose wish controlled
Full many a pile of Hoarded gold,
His wealth displayed.

8.

But some were there, both rich and poor,
Who strive to live forevermore
A life of love;
And, walking in the paths of pain,
They labor, with their might and main,
Like Christ above:

9.

No cold response nor wandering eye —
Their hearts and souls were in the sky
With Christ away;
And every word they said, was felt,
As humbly on the floor they knelt
Them down to pray.

10.

As murmurs of the distant sea
The worship rose, and seemed to me
So full and high,
I felt there was no other place
So full of beauty, love and grace
Beneath the sky.

11.

In perfect notes, with voices sweet,
In moving tender airs, replete
With skill and fire;
As winds that o'er the ocean rise
Tumultuous music to the skies—
So sang the choir.

12.

I heeded not the vacant gaze,—
I cared not for the worldly blaze
Of fashion there;
I felt not that the cold and dead
There heeded not the words they said,
In praise and prayer;

13.

Nor thought I of their lordly mien
Who own the lowly Nazarene,
And wear His name:—
How oddly would their train appear
With Him Who was so humble here,
And died in shame!

14.

Who labored on, with matchless grace,
To turn a lost and ruined race
To life and light;
Nor what could be this passing flow
Of worldly wealth or worldly show,
Within His sight.

15.

But upward now the worship went,
Still rising in its high ascent
Away, away;
Still onward, as a living thing,
It floated softly on the wing
To Heaven's day.

16.

So full and clear, it seemed to me
No earthly sound so sweet could be,
As on it went,—
Still floating up as if 't were flung
From some fair harp, by angels strung,
And Heaven-ward sent.

17.

Afar, afar, mid golden rays,
Along those fair and blessed ways,
By angels trod,—
It, softly moving, rolled along
And reached, with swelling tides of song,
The Throne of God.

18.

'T was heard, and God was pleased to hear
So sweet a sound, so full and clear,—
And on the wing
He sent an angel from the sky,
With rarest gifts and blessings high
Aback to bring.

19.

Then, winging in his downward flight,
These ever blessed things of light
From Heaven's store —
As jewels sparkling on his breast,
Obedient to the high behest—
The angel bore;

20.

And passing through the Church he stood,
Just as the holy man of God
The blessing gave,—
And, with those winged words, he sent
These peerless gifts, omnipotent,
To cheer and save.

21.

Out from the Church the giddy throng
Went gaily forth and passed along,
But were not blessed;
For by the light and thoughtless face,
They showed no gift of Heavenly grace
On them did rest.

22.

But when the earnest, lowly, came,
Who walk like Christ and bear His name,
A light was there;
As if, within their hearts, they bore
Forever and forevermore
These graces rare.

23.

A strength they had — to strive and win,
To set at nought the wiles of sin,
And onward go;
To suffer for another's gain,
Unmindful of the toil and pain,
The grief or woe.

24.

As now the angel passed away
A gentle voice then seemed to say:
But only such,
Of loving prayer and earnest song,
And not the rude outpouring throng,
God loveth much.

25.

Who tread then here, will tread in vain
Unless the heavy cross of pain
They ever bear;
The gifts of God,— not gems and gold,—
High, priceless things, nor bought nor sold,
God's children wear.

26.

By only such, in light arrayed,
Those holy sounds of love are made,
Which reach the skies;
The heartless song, the heartless prayer,
And all the heartless words said here
Find no replies.

NOTES.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE "CHRISTIAN POEMS" were contributed to the "Banner of the Cross" and the "Gospel Messenger," during the last four or five years. Having met with unexpected favor in England and America—being extensively copied in both countries—they are now offered in the present form, with the hope that they may accomplish some good in our Master's cause.

A number of the pieces have never appeared in print before.

I.

Domus Columbæ.

PAGE 11.—This was a name given by the ancient Christians to a church, and signifies "The Home of the Holy Spirit." (See Bingham, Book viii., sec. 2, page 270.)

It may be beautifully applied to a Christian, as in 1 Cor. vi. 19: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

Page 11.—*Ask in the wealthy town.* Here is an allusion to the melancholy fact, that while we see

beautiful churches in the neighborhood of the wealthy, there are thousands upon thousands of towns (and that within our own country) where Church people, on account of their poverty, are not able to have even the most common edifice. In the State of Missouri alone, there are hundreds of such places.

Page 12.—*Yet, though poor we be.* After all, that person whose body is the temple of the Holy Ghost is in a better condition than if, without this, he should worship in the most costly church in the world: for he then becomes a part of that temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

II.

Dead in Sin.

PAGE 15. — There is a certain class of persons, known to every clergyman, who profess great humility and consciousness of their sinfulness and unworthiness; when in fact they know little of their real condition, and are quite satisfied with themselves. Consequently, day by day, they neglect the very things our Saviour taught in order that they might be saved.

Such persons deceive none but themselves. Humility or poverty of spirit is a high Christian grace, but they have it not; for this is that which opens the heart to repentance and change of life, and they neither repent nor change. Their lot is a very sad one, from the fact that while they are not conscious of their real state they profess total unworthiness, and make this a plea for rejecting the only means of salvation. "I am not good enough," is with them excuse sufficient for disregarding Repentance, Faith,

Baptism, Confirmation, the Lord's Supper, and in fact all the privileges of the Church.

Such should remember that the Church is not composed of the perfect and sinless; but even the best of us are poor sinful beings, liable at all times to fall into sin, and committing many actual transgressions. And we only differ from the world, in the fact that we are trying to grow better, day by day, and for that purpose are making use of the means which Christ has provided in His Church.

III.

Speak Gentle Words.

PAGE 20.—The learned Trench speaks of a certain class of words as "fossils." So indeed they are: others are acting, living things. In fact, the great powers of Heaven, which are continually working among us, and are living and eternal beings, are imperfectly expressed or brought before the mind embodied in words—as, for instance, "Love." Thus our Lord is called by St. John, "The WORD" which was in the beginning with God, and which was God.—(St. John i. 1.)

Page 20. — *Lo! his breast*
Is finely strung.

Let those who do not weigh their words before they speak, or who are in the habit of speaking unkindly, remember this. Every word has its effect, and touches the heart either for weal or woe.

Page 23. — *Christ doth build*
His Kingdom here.

"It pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe."

IV.

The Rainy Sunday.

PAGE 24.—There is a singular pleasure connected with the worship of the Church, upon those Sundays which most people call disagreeable.

At such a time the gay, gaudy, giddy crowd—who worship the Prince of this World, and who fill the pews of the church upon a pleasant day only for the purpose of seeing and being seen, or because they admire the preacher, or would while away time which otherwise would prove tedious, or from idle curiosity — are comfortably housed at home, and would not think of coming to church on such a day. The formalist, the hypocrite, and the lifeless, indifferent Christian, also find it more convenient or pleasant to be absent.

The humble and devout man of God, the earnest and sincere alone, may be seen in the church. The worship of such will come from the heart, and will go to heaven. They would be few in number, but in reality they constitute the Church of God; and only such as these have their names upon the Book of Life.

To worship alone with these is infinitely more sweet than to join with the thoughtless, worldly crowd. The minister at such a time can see who are on the Lord's side.

Pages 25, 26.—*Ladies fine* and *Christian men.* Much to their shame, many who profess the name of Christ do not think it their duty to attend the worship of the Church upon unpleasant days. Rain, snow, wind, mud, cold, heat, and such things, would not keep them from business or pleasure; but any one of these would be enough, in their opinion, to excuse their absence from church.

Page 28. — *And yet, the priest*
Of the Lord was there.

If the minister of God can at all times be at his place—in bad weather as well as good—why cannot others do their duty as well?

Page 31. — *The angels bear*
No worship away, &c.

Those who neglect God on unpleasant days, are such as do not worship Him acceptably at any time. If we have the true spirit of worship, we do not care for the weather. Though the church may be full of these fair-day Christians, they do not in the least swell the tide of praise.

V.

When Christians are United.

PAGE 32.—The Kingdom of Christ is now so rent by divisions and contentions as to make the heart of the true Christian ache for its welfare.

The ancient and Apostolic Church is broken into three grand divisions, in which, with one or two exceptions, may be found all the Churches of Apostolic origin. The Mother Church of Greece includes the Eastern Churches, the Church of Rome the Western. The Church of England, of which the Church of America is a part, is the ancient Apostolic Church of that country. But the Man of Sin has so thoroughly done his work among us, that there exists no longer any Christian fellowship or communion. Besides this, there is a vast multitude of sects, calling themselves Christians, but sustaining themselves upon principles directly opposite to the teachings of our Master—for He prayed that we might all be "ONE."

ANTICHRIST is worshipped more than God, inasmuch as men cling to that which is evil, while they set at naught "CHARITY," which was the blessed

teaching of Christ. Now is fulfilled the prophecy of old concerning "the abomination of desolation" standing in the holy place. (St. Matt. xxiv. 15.) Antichrist is in our midst in all his fearful power.

But the time is to come when this state of things shall cease, and the Christian world be one in Christ as He is one in God.

But before this can be brought about, there must arise a Spirit in the Church—the Spirit of God—which shall arouse her from her lethargy, and bring into action all her latent powers.

Christian union is not to be brought about by compromise, for this has often been tried and proved a failure; neither by ignoring differences and abolishing creeds; nor yet by establishing a new church, for all the many sects of the day started, in all probability, with this end in view. But the Church of Christ, established by Him and His Apostles, which now exists in the world (though on account of the multitude of sects many are puzzled to find it), must be taken as she is, and a new life—the life of Christ—infused into her. Reformation in the right direction must be caused by the working of the holy teachings of love and peace. By such a reformation unity will be produced.

Small dioceses, active, godly Bishops, faithful, zealous Priests, a restored diaconate, the "Word of God" truly preached and practiced, a working laity, would soon unite all Christians, and make the kingdoms of the world the Kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ.

VI.

In the Future.

PAGE 36.—*Westward, westward, by the prairie.* These lines were written in Independence, in the western part of Missouri, where begin those exten-

sive prairies which reach to the Rocky Mountains. They were suggested by prophecies concerning the future glory of the Church.

To the poor missionary—who is continually struggling, not only against the wickedness in the world, but also the cruel divisions among professing Christians—the thought of the extent and glory of the Church, which shall be hereafter, is a source of no little comfort.

VII.

No Church of God.

PAGE 42.—Independence, which is now in a state of ruin, was, before the war, the most beautiful town in the West. The country around could not be surpassed in its richness; consequently the population was large, and the people wealthy.

The author was sent as missionary to this point, just when the few people interested had become discouraged in their efforts to establish the Church. The storm which has since overrun the country was just then gathering. There were but two or three communicants in the place, and these were not of much means. However, after a room was procured and the people became a little encouraged, the congregation grew rapidly and the work went on well.

The conduct of military commanders has been such that the whole country has been spoiled, and in a great measure depopulated. So that now, according to the best information available, there is not left a communicant, and perhaps not even a "friend" of the Church.

PAGE 45. — *When men have homes,*
But none for God.

It is indeed a shameful thing, and enough to make the angels weep, that men who never forget themselves

should EVER forget their God. It is a disgrace for a Christian man to live at ease in his own house, unless one is provided for the worship of his Maker.

Page 45. — *For there shall be*
No earthly sod,
Where blossoms not
A Church of God.

Notwithstanding the sinful neglect of Christian Churchmen, the time will come when God's Church shall fill the whole earth. The "leaven shall leaven the whole lump." The grain of mustard seed shall become a great tree. And even this poor land, now so desolated, "shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

VIII.

Loneliness.

PAGE 46.—Those clergymen who live where the Church is in all her strength and beauty, can hardly understand the lonely feeling of the missionary. Generally he labors where there are very few who feel any interest in the Church. For years he never sees the face of a fellow-clergyman in his parish. He has the hardest of work, and none to sympathize with him. He has no church nor parsonage. Subjected to every inconvenience, without any of the comforts of older parishes, away from everything that is dear to him on earth but his own family, he does his Master's work, and is happy in the thought that his labor is not in vain, and that by his cares and sorrows the Kingdom of Christ is built up.

IX.

Watching.

PAGE 50.—There is nothing so beautiful as the evening sky in summer—especially as it is seen in

and around Frankfort, Ky. The soft, mellow light—the clouds of such wonderful and lovely hues—the stars gradually making their appearance above the horizon, all glowing in their mysterious light—instinctively remind one of God, of the golden gates of Heaven, of the bands of angels, of Christ and his second coming. And the mind of the Christian calls up the words of our Saviour, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." And again, "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

X.

Veni, Jesu.

PAGE 57.—*This is midnight, this Thy warning.* Our Saviour has taught us that when He shall come again it will be suddenly, and at such an hour as we expect not—"as a thief in the night." In the Parable of the Ten Virgins, at midnight the cry was made, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him."

We live at a time when we see fulfilled all the signs our Saviour predicted of His second coming. (St. Matt. xxiv.) This is surely the midnight of the world, and we may with great reason look for the speedy coming of our Lord. "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven; but my Father only." While the world is filled with sin and impurity, and everything that is cruel and horrible—while the Church is rent asunder by contention and discord, and sects are multiplying continually—while Christians are vain and carnal, giving themselves to the things of this world—still there are many who look in hope to the coming of the Lord, and will rejoice when they see His "sign" in the heavens.

XI.

The Inner Life.

PAGE 61.—This little poem was written to illustrate the words of our blessed Lord, contained in the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. The kingdom of God is within you."

Our Saviour is now in the Church as He was in the flesh, working to reconcile the world unto God. He is the Word which was in the beginning with God, and which was God, and by whom all things were created. When He is preached effectually, He Himself is the preacher, acting both upon the heart of the speaker and the hearer. Thus does He first knock at the door of our hearts, and thus is created the inner life which produces the "new man in Christ Jesus," which grows to perfection by the use of the means of grace which Christ has provided in His Church.

I.—PREACHING.

Page 61.—Preaching was the means which our Saviour chose by which to convert and save the world. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." (1 Cor. i. 21.) Again, St. Paul writes: "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14, 15.) For the purpose of preaching the Word unto all generations of men, till the end of the world, our Lord called His Apostles and established a ministry, to reach through all time and all nations, that all who would might believe in Him and live. The first duty of this ministry was preaching, or ministering the "WORD." They were called the

"ministry of reconciliation" (2 Cor. v. 18); because in their preaching, and ministering the "WORD" in the Sacraments, Christ, the "WORD," and God, was reconciling the world unto Himself—making the "atonement."

II.—CONCEPTION.

Page 68. — *To the hearts he went*
Of the dead in sin,
And knocked and knocked
For to enter in.

When Christ is faithfully preached, He is, as it were, knocking at the hearts of the impenitent. He is unseen, indeed, but is ever in the Church, going from heart to heart. Those who are truly His feel His presence, and, I might say, see Him in his blessed work. When by preaching He has gained admittance into the heart, it may be said that a new life is conceived within by faith, which produces repentance. This life here grows, as it were a babe in the womb, until it comes to an open confession of Christ in Baptism.

III.—THE NEW BIRTH.

Page 70.—When this life has thus come to a new birth, and we feel it within us warring against our members, and bringing us into subjection to the will of God, and into the image of Christ—when we feel it burning within and leading us to every good work —it may well be said that we are born again, and that we "see the Kingdom of God." This may also be understood as the inward or spiritual grace of Baptism, as defined in the Catechism.

Page 71. — *And only those*
Can be washed from sin,
Whose hearts are full
Of a Life within.

This of course is written only in reference to adult baptism. The child is received into the Church, and

made an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven; and as he grows to years of discretion the word is ministered unto him, and the inner life built up within him, and thus does he grow in the image of Christ and become one in Him. The condition of the child is a blessed one indeed; for he is built up in Christ before he becomes acquainted with the evil that is in the world. (See Catechism answer to question—"Why then are infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?")

IV.—CONFIRMATION—PART I.

Page 77.—This is merely a description of the gaudy, giddy congregations which gather in small towns when the Bishop makes his canonical visitation.

V.—CONFIRMATION—PART II.

Page 84.—Confirmation is the laying on of the hands of the Bishop, and the descent of the Holy Spirit, upon the true children of God; as upon our Saviour after His baptism, and upon the Apostles before they commenced their ministry, and also upon those confirmed by the Apostles. (See Matt. iii. 16; Acts ii. 3; viii. 17; xix. 6.)

In this part of the poem, the Saviour is represented as unseen, in the church, bringing the new-born in Him to the chancel-rail, to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. This gift still remains in the Church, and St. Paul assures us that of all the gifts of the Holy Spirit, as prophecy, speaking in divers languages and working miracles, none are equal to faith, hope and charity, which God will shower abundantly upon all who seek them.

VI.—THE NEW MAN.

Page 91.—By the preaching of the Word, Baptism, and Confirmation, we become fully members of Christ. Then by making faithful use of the means of grace which are provided in the Church—as prayer, fasting,

meditation, worship, and the study of the Scriptures —we grow up in Christ's image and strength. Thus are our bodies redeemed from sin, and we are made new creatures in Christ Jesus our Lord.

VII.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Page 95.—Baptism and Confirmation, because of their nature, may not be repeated. But the Lord's Supper, like preaching the Word, fasting and prayer, was designed to be a continual means of grace. We eat of the bread and wine in remembrance of Christ. This the Church calls "feeding upon Him in our hearts, by faith, with thanksgiving." As we faithfully partake of this, we become more and more like Him; and if we do not become like Him we may be sure that we taste not His body. A professed Christian who can turn his back upon this holy feast is none of Christ's; and it is well that he goes away, for he does not discern the Lord's body. But that so many do turn their backs upon it, is a sorrowful commentary upon the teaching of the ministry. The world cannot understand these things, because they are spiritual.

XII.

Angel Songs.

Page 98.—Who can look into the calm, quiet sky of an evening, and see the holy stillness and beauty reigning there, and not feel his heart to ache when he thinks of the noise, cruelty and wickedness of the world in which he lives?

As the angels are creatures of different degrees, and varied powers and capacities, if they were such as we, there would be among them divisions, contentions and strife; but we are taught that Heaven is

harmony, peace and love: Heaven, therefore, is a continual rebuke to men, and the very stars seem to be entreating them to unity, peace and charity.

The religion of the Saviour was to teach us, by charity, to dwell in peace and harmony. Hence He taught us, in the prayer which He gave for our use, to say "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." The time will come when men will thus do the will of God; for "This is the will of God, that ye love one another." The chief design of this poem is to show how poorly men have learned to do the will of God.

Page 113,—*Yes, they will fondly meet together*
To condemn what others see.

It may yet be seen in the world, that men are tried for their opinions:—condemned and punished by their brethren who are of like frailty with themselves. If God had designed that we should thus judge and condemn one another, He would have given us attributes of the Godhead; for without these we are unfit for such an office. As it is, there are many truths entirely beyond our comprehension, and it is presumption for us to set ourselves up as judges of truth and error.

Again, we find it difficult to define our ideas so as not to be misunderstood; how then can we always be certain that we do not misunderstand others? That man who combats error, by teaching what he knows to be true, is safer than they who presume to judge and condemn. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth."

Page 118. — *God His glory worketh,*
In the race of man.

No one can tell why there is so much evil connected with man; but this much we know, that God is good and can do nothing wrong.

XIII.

The Lord's Prayer.

PAGE 119.—This prayer is found in every service of the Church in America. In the Church of England it is used even more frequently: in the Morning Prayer and Litany occurring three times; in the Communion Service, twice; and twice in the Evening Prayer. It is found also in the ancient liturgies. The different parts of it, with the exception of the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," seem to have been taken by our Lord from the liturgy of the Jewish Church, the eighteen prayers of the Synagogue-worship. Thus He not only used forms Himself, in the Synagogue, but has engrafted the same forever upon His Church.

There are some things which go to prove that this was the daily prayer of our Lord:—

1. It contains all the great themes about which He usually discussed.
2. We find similar petitions used by Him in other places.
3. When His disciples first came to Him to be taught to pray, He gave them this.
4. When a long time after they came again, He gave them the same.

The prayer, in itself, is wonderful, and could have emanated from no other than a Divine source. That man who can offer up every petition of it from his heart, understanding its meaning fully, must of necessity be a true Christian. But how often is it *said*, and how seldom prayed.

To bring ourselves into such a spiritual condition as to be able to pray this prayer perfectly and heartily, is the highest act of the Christian; and none but

a true follower of Christ will attain to such perfection. Strange to say, the Sects, in their rashness, have done away with the use of this in their services. No wonder, then, that they should carelessly cast away other treasures of the Church.

XIV.

Statuary.

PAGE 122.—The taste of sculptors seems to run in showing the beauty and proportion of the human form. Hence great skill is often exhibited in the graceful formation of the inferior portions of the body. But there is a more difficult work than this which, too, might reflect more credit upon the artist. This work is to show the beautiful proportion of the human soul as depicted upon the countenance. A skilful heathen could do the first, but only a true Christian could do the last.

The calm, sweet, expressive face of the aged Christian, who has labored and suffered for the good of others, is by far the noblest object we ever see.

XV.

The Church,

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

PAGE 126.—This was a small brick edifice, rented from the German Methodists, which answered the purpose of the Church very well. But it was small, ugly, clumsy, and without any of those things which please the eye of a Churchman in many of our beautiful temples. But the people who owned it were a quiet, orderly congregation, and evidently rendered unto God an earnest worship. Though the building was

unseemly, it was set apart for God, and the very fact that we then used it for His service made it sacred. Every place where we call upon God's name is sacred, and men should so regard it. It is as great a shame for us to behave ourselves improperly in a common building, used for such a purpose, as in the most costly and finished temple.

XVI.

A Vision.

PAGE 129.—This piece is intended to show the grief which the blessed angels must feel, in beholding the follies and wickedness of men.

XVII.

A Missionary Story.

PAGE 135.—At the time this piece was written, the author was missionary at Weston, Mo., and was the only clergyman of the Church between St. Joseph and Palmyra, and Iowa and Kansas — a distance of hundreds of miles each way. In all this region, where there were many towns and thousands upon thousands of people, there was not a single Church of God. And the few churchmen, scattered through the land, were indeed "Like the ship-wrecked on the seas."

Page 135.—*Go where high and splendid Churches*
Rear their towers to the sky.

It really seems strange that Christian people will build such rich and costly Churches for themselves as we see in all their cities, and then so neglect the destitute places of God's Kingdom: yet it is so.

The fact that there are so many places destitute, and so many others filled with wealth and magnificence, is a sad reflection upon the Christianity of the times.

The West, too, is a rich field within the grasp of the Church, if her people would only open their hearts to the true Catholic spirit which loves the whole world. But how many are there whose hearts can only embrace themselves and their own particular parishes!

XVIII.

Cross of Christ.

PAGE 140.—Among some people there is a great dislike to the cross in and upon Churches. This spirit has been carried so far as to become ridiculous; and it is not unfrequently the case that we see a great wooden hand, a gilded ball, or a shifting weather-cock where the cross of Christ should be, as an emblem of our faith.

There was a time when this sacred emblem was rudely torn from Churches by the hand of the mob.

To me the cross upon Churches seems, as it were, a great angel, upon those high places, calling out to men and telling them of CHARITY, the religion of the Saviour; of suffering unto death in all good works, as the duty and profession of the Christian; of the place whither the Lord has gone to prepare for those who love Him.

The Romanists abuse the cross; but why should we abolish it because they abuse it? We know that as Christians, our duty is to labor and suffer; and the cross of Christ tells us so every time we behold it. There is no inanimate thing in the Church that speaks to us with such power, as the simple cross of Christ.

XIX.

Christian Hearted.

PAGE 142.—The life of the Christian is peculiar to himself. There is no creature, either in Heaven or earth, who, walking in the ways of God, has so great a cross to bear:

> "A little while, through grief and care,
> Thy servants, Lord, their cross must bear;
> Still let this thought our hearts beguile,—
> It is but for a little while."

XX.

Church Bells.

PAGE 144.—Many people despise the Church bells now, and never regard them when they call to worship — going on in their own ways. But when at the last great day of the Lord they stand to be judged for their sinfulness, how will they long for these lost opportunities which can never return!

XXI.

Advent.

PAGE 146.—The services of the Church are so arranged that the whole history of our Lord, and the great themes of the Gospel, are continually brought before us in the seasons of the Christian-year.

Page 150. — *She mingles the past*
With the yet to be.

At Advent we commemorate the first coming of our Lord in connection with the second—when He shall come to judge the world.

Page 150.—*More strange sweet sounds.* With the second Advent are connected all the hopes of the Christian, which are revived time and again as this holy season rolls around.

XXII.

Easter.

PAGE 151.—Easter being kept in commemoration of the rising of our Lord from the dead, and observed always after the Paschal full moon, is as a ruby set in the Christian-year, and hung amid the stars, to remind us of the blessed truth of the resurrection to everlasting life. We know that we shall live again, for Christ was "the first fruits of them that slept."

XXIII.

Ascension Day in St. George's.

PAGE 153.—Ascension Day, or Holy Thursday, is one of the leading festivals of the Christian Church—being necessary to perfect the Christian-year. It occurs forty days after Easter, and ten before Whitsunday. At Advent, the Lord comes; at Epiphany, He is manifested to the Gentiles; Good Friday, He is crucified, dead and buried; Easter, He rises from the dead, and remains with His disciples forty days, laying the foundations of His Church; Ascension, He ascends into Heaven and sits upon the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come again to judge both the quick and the dead; Whitsunday, the Holy Spirit descends, according to His promise—"If I depart, I will send Him unto you." Thus in the Christian-year the Creed is written. If Ascension were left out, one of its articles would be lost,—the beauty of the whole would be seriously marred.

Yet there are numbers of persons who, as far as they are concerned, leave it out. There are too many Sunday Christians, and too few of the better sort.—

In almost every parish you may see the Church well filled for a Sunday service, but on any other day it is almost empty; and this is the case even during the most solemn seasons.

Page 157.—*Not all are redeemed.* How many, alas, who are here called Christians, hereafter will find that they are not so regarded in Heaven.

XXIV.

Hymn of Death.

Page 158.—Death is a thing which Christians should rather love than fear, for in reality it is but the beginning of life.

Page 159.—*Mournful trappings.* The custom of wearing mourning, or grieving after the departed, seems to indicate that we do not believe the great truths of Christianity. If we were mourning only for those we think to be among the lost, it would be less objectionable: but why should we grieve for the children of God who have gone to His bosom? It is as if they had gone to sleep before us, or have gone on a journey whither we ourselves would go.

XXV.

Ministry of Angels.

Page 160.—The spirits of Heaven are ever at work in the hearts of men. We can have no good thoughts unless by the operation of the Spirit of God within us. Though these blessed beings cannot be seen, yet can we know of their presence by the good that is done in our hearts. It is a delightful thing thus to know that they are ever round about us.

XXVI.

The Inquiry.

PAGE 163.—What a pity it is that parents do not see the effect of their conduct upon their children! How many immortal souls are lost forever, from this very thing. This little poem was intended to show the difficulty of a little child in seeing the right way, when the parent, to whom it looks for guidance, does not regard it.

XXVII.

The Unseen Way.

Page 166.—According to Professor C. F. W. Deitrich, of the University of Berlin, 32,000,000 persons die every year; 87,671 every day; 3,653 every hour, and 61 every minute. Hence, along this unseen way numbers are continually passing.

XXVIII.

Gloria in Excelsis.

PAGE 168.—This hymn is also called the Greater Doxology, and Angelical Hymn. It occupies a conspicuous place in the worship of the American Church. It is found in the Morning and Evening Prayer, and also in the Communion Service.

At first it consisted of the words, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men." It was afterwards enlarged—some say by Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 130, which was very near the Apostolic age, St. John having died but a few years before. It seems that for a long time

Bishops alone were allowed to use it, except on Easter day—when priests also were allowed.

It was first sung by the Angels, when the birth of the Saviour was made known to the Shepherds. It has always been very popular in the Church, especially as the Communion Hymn.

XXIX.

The Light.

PAGE 172.—If Christians would only see the religion of Christ as it is, and practice it as they should, there would be no divisions in the Church. When their hearts are truly filled with the love of God, they will return again to unity. Now Antichrist is manifested in the Church: "The abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet," is standing the Holy Place.

Page 173.—*Never found it.* Reason and philosophy were never able to discover revealed religion, and those persons who seem to comprehend it least make the loudest boast of reason.

Page 175.—*Love, the being of the Father,*
Love, the Christian's life and glory.

Compare 1 John iv. 8; St. John x. 30, and xiv. 23.

Page 176.—*Like a Vine with many branches.* See St. John xv. 1.

Page 177.—*Wrote it on a piece of parchment.* In early times skins were prepared and used for writing, and were called parchment. Books were then written upon rolls of parchment, and were called "a roll of a book." (Jeremiah xxxvi. 2.) Search was made in the roll. (Ezra vi. 1.) The New Testament Scriptures were not completed until after the Church had existed many years.

Page 179. — *Kept the blessed light of Heaven*
Ever burning in their bosoms.

According to the promise of our Lord — "Lo! I am with you" — there have always (even in the darkest times of the Church) been faithful men to battle for the truth.

Page 179.—"*Morning star.*" Wycliffe was called the "Morning star of the Reformation."

Page 180. — *Then a great and mighty nation*
Roused her from her midnight slumber.

England was among the last to submit to the Roman yoke, and the first in the great work of Reformation.

Page 181.—*In the lives of holy martyrs.* No Protestant body in the world can present such a "noble army of martyrs" as the Church of England.

Page 181.—*Opening for himself a crevice.* Of all the blessed truths of the Holy Scriptures, there are persons who can see but one or two; and these they give undue prominence, causing and keeping up division and strife in the Kingdom of God.

Page 183.— *Rise in might, O Church of England!*
Rise and strive, O England's daughter!

The Churches of England and America are the hope of the world.

XXX.

Fairland.

Page 186.—*To rise at Gloria at the close.* There is a custom growing in the Church, of sitting during the Psalm and rising only at the Gloria Patri. This would indicate that the Psalm is not to be considered as a part of our praise: else, the person so doing is acting improperly. Rising at the Gloria, when

unable to stand during the Psalm is well; but to sit during the Psalm, when able to stand through both, shows indolence and indifference.

XXXI.

The Flight.

PAGE 191.—In the East these doves or pigeons are often seen in such numbers as to obscure the light of the sun.

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